

VOL. 9 Nº 1

JUNE



BLUE BOLT 10¢

Safe! WITH
DICK COLE!
52 PAGES OF
ACTION!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT FLASHES

THE EDITORS WRITE:

"What's happened to 'Blue Bolt; The American'?" That's what one of our readers asked, and that's what we want to know too.

This comic book was called BLUE BOLT to bear the name of its most popular character. Now "Blue Bolt" no longer rates even third in popularity among our readers. We'd like to know why, and you can help us.

How do you like "Blue Bolt; The American"? Would you like him changed in some particular manner? Aren't his adventures exciting enough? Would you prefer him to be a detective? Or would you rather he had more super-human powers?

All our heroes should be tops. We feel we're letting you down if they aren't.

Think about this. Be our doctor. What's your remedy for Blue Bolt and Snap?

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear-Editors:

I have just finished reading your January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and enjoyed every word of it. "Dick Cole" is tops with me because he is a real sportsman and I am interested in the kind of sports which he plays. "Edison-Bell" is second because he is more of my type of a boy.

"Sergeant Spook" is completely out. The things he does are impossible. I wish you would put an extra story of "Dick Cole" in the next issue. I am sure many others would like you to do the same.

Sincerely yours,
Gerald Dove
Fieldale, Va.

* * *

Dear-Editors:

I have just discovered that the editors of BLUE BOLT comics also edit TARGET COMICS. That is the most logical explanation for my refusing to choose between the two. Also, whenever I go to the newsstands, your two are the very first magazines I pick out.

I also enjoy the "Question and Answers." Once when I was having exams in school, I was able to answer a question because of your magazine.

The only fault I can find with these magazines is that they are not published often enough.

Truly yours,
Nuala Keary
Indianapolis, Ind.

* * *

Dear Editors:

After reading Volume 8, Number 7, which is the December issue, I'll give you my thoughts about BLUE BOLT comics.

a. The cover is perfect. I wish you would sometimes put "Sergeant Spook" on the cover.

b. "Dick Cole" has improved very much.

c. "Rick Richards" is perfect; in fact, it's my favorite story next to "Sergeant Spook."

d. "Edison-Bell" is a wonderful story, but why don't we see his girl friend help him with some invention? Or Jerry and his girl help to make an invention? Girls can invent too, can't they?

e. "Fearless Fellers" are okay, only they eat too much sweet food. Don't they ever get decayed teeth?

f. "Fleathcliff the Hobo" by Art Helfant is swell.

g. "Sergeant Spook" is perfect. Perfect drawings and printing. My favorite!

h. I also like your short stories.

i. What happened to "Blue Bolt"? He used to be my favorite. Something is missing.

j. "Blue Bolts and Nuts" are swell.

k. Your "Questions and Answers" also help us in school.

A faithful reader,
Peggy Joyce Lawson
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January issue of BLUE BOLT comics and I personally think it is the best comic on the book stands.

I like the new way you have put your "Q's and A's." This keeps down a lot of confusion by having to turn the book upside down to find the A's.

I like most of all "Dick Cole" and then "Edison Bell." The rest are O.K., but these two are the ones I like best of all.

I have never seen a comic that expresses sportsmanship between young people better than BLUE BOLT comics. I think this is especially true in the story of Dick.

I wholeheartedly thank you for publishing such a well-organized comic book and I know you couldn't find a better comic.

Sincerely yours,
Lindel Martin
Madison, Ill.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

In my opinion BLUE BOLT is one of the best if not the best comic. Some people say they would like "Blue Bolt" in his original blue costume but I like him just the way he is. "Dick Cole" has always been and probably will remain to be in my opinion, the most exciting, best drawn, comic strip in BLUE BOLT comics. "Edison Bell" is second best but I don't think his inventions are very well planned. The "Fearless Fellers" adventures are swell but I think the drawing could be better. "Rick Richards" and "Sergeant Spook" should be left out completely.

The "Readers Write" should be on the back cover and on the front cover. I have about five BLUE BOLT comics and of them all I like the December cover. Well, that about completes my opinion of your magazine and I think that other BLUE BOLT readers like your magazine as well as I do.

Duane Patterson
Utica, Pa.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

BLUE BOLT

WHILE ROD COLE ROOTS STRENUOUSLY FOR HIS BROTHER, DICK, TO BLAST A GRAND-SLAM HOMER IN FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S CRUCIAL CHAMPIONSHIP BATTLE AGAINST HOLDEN MILITARY ACADEMY, HE DOES A BIT OF SLAMMING ON HIS OWN!



WITH LAURA BRADLY AND HER OLD UNCLE BEN, YOUNG ROD COLE EAGERLY AWAITS THE OPENING PITCH OF THE BIG GAME.

I BET YOU'RE HAPPY TO SEE YOUR BROTHER PITCH, EH, ROD?

YOU BET! BUT I'D LIKE EVEN MORE TO SEE A HOMER WITH THE BASES LOADED!



Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager; Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor
Katharine Urban, Story Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Advisor

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DICK, IN THE DUGOUT BELOW, OVERHEARS.

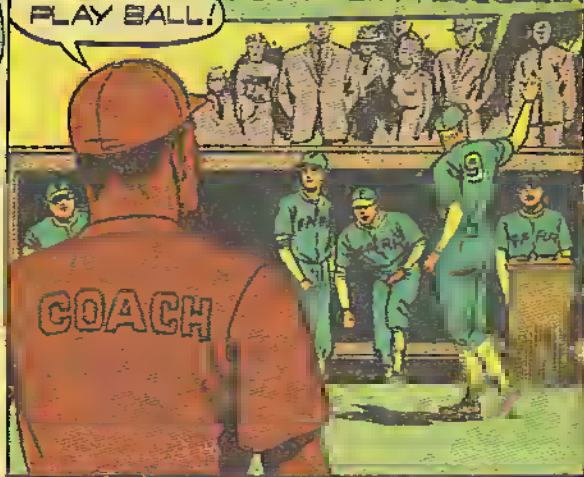
HAVE A HEART, ROD. GRAND-SLAM HOVERS ARE AS RARE AS HEN'S TEETH.

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE PITCHING. COLE, THE REST OF THE TEAM WILL DO THE HITTING!



TAKE THE FIELD, MEN. I'LL TRY TO MAKE YOUR VISIT A SUCCESS!

WISH ME LUCK, ROD!



"JOLLY" ROGERS, THE BIG CENTERVIEW GAMBLER, AND TWO OF HIS MEN TAKE SEATS IN FRONT OF ROD.

HA, HA! IT'LL BE GREAT FUN TO SEE FARR LOSE! HEE-HEE! DICK COLE WILL LOOK LIKE A SAP!



GOLLY, HOW CAN HE BE SO SURE FARR'S GOING TO LOSE?

THE GAME STARTS. DICK'S FIRST PITCH CUTS THE INSIDE CORNER.

WOW! THAT WAS SO FAST I HARDLY SAW IT! LUCKY ME!



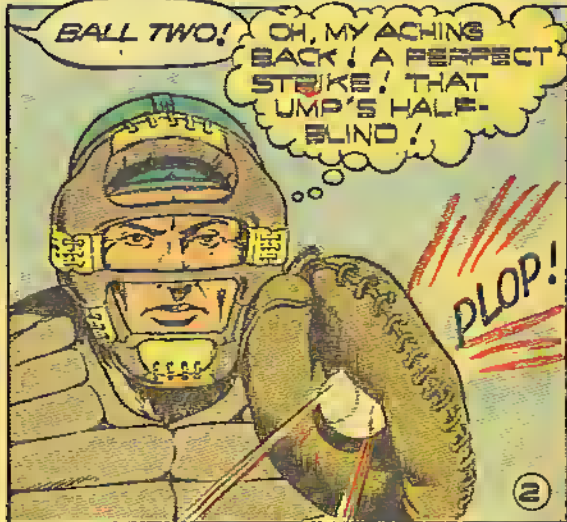
BALL ONE!

HMPH! LOOKED GOOD AS GOLD TO ME!

PLOP!

BALL TWO!

OH, MY ACHING BACK! A PERFECT STRIKE! THAT UMP'S HALF-BLIND!



PLOP!

The next issue of this magazine will go on sale

May 12

— Don't miss it.

THE UMPIRE CONTINUES TO CALL DICK'S WELL-PLACED PITCHES "BALLS." HOLDEN'S LEAD-OFF MAN IS WALKED AND ALSO THE NEXT BATTER



THIS UMP FROM THE PRO LEAGUE IS MURDERING US! YOU'RE PITCHING STRIKES, DICK!



WHIFFLE'S SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST UMP IN THE BIG CITY LEAGUE. I DON'T GET IT, SIMBA!

I'LL HAVE TO GROOVE 'EM RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE, SIMBA. EVEN WHIFFLE CAN'T CALL THOSE PITCHES WILD!



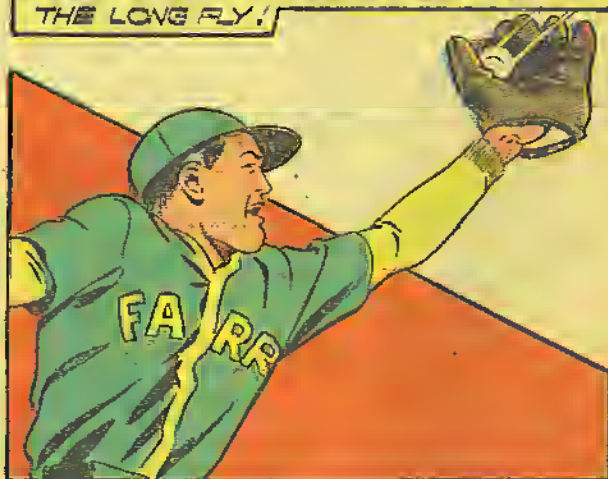
AND HOLDEN WILL TEE OFF, BUT WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO?

DICK SPITS THE PLATE WITH HIS NEXT PITCH, AND DALE JACK PUTS THE GOOD WOOD ON IT!

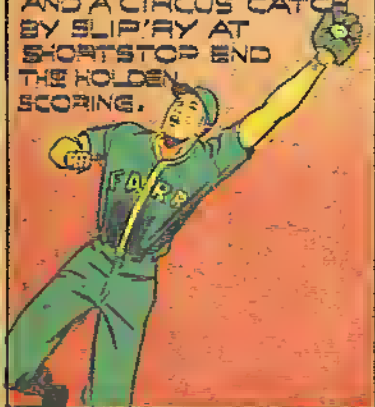
ON YOUR HORSE, HALL! YOU'LL HAVE TO GALLOP FOR THAT ONE!



RACING AT TOP SPEED, CENTER FIELDER BARK HALL PULLS DOWN THE LONG FLY!



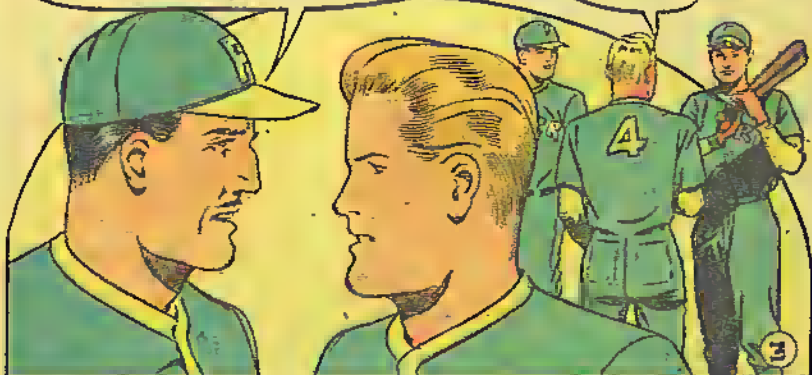
A TRIPLE BY THE CLEAN-UP MAN DRIVES TWO RUNS OVER FOR HOLDEN, BUT A POP-UP AND A CIRCUS CATCH BY SLIP'RY AT SHORTSTOP END THE HOLDEN SCORING.



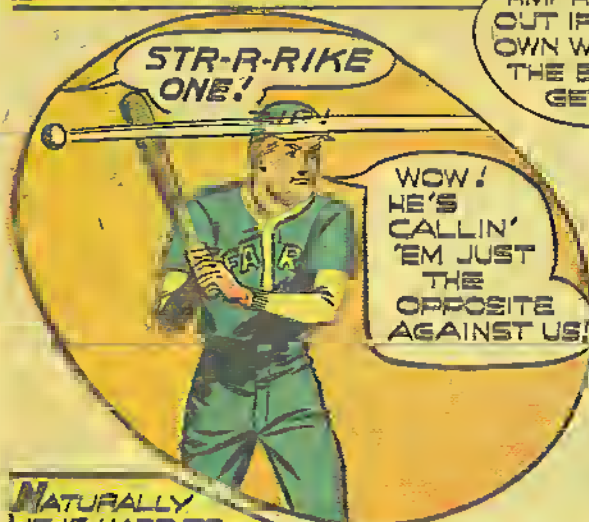
AS DICK COMES OFF THE MOUND, COACH BRADLY STOPS HIM.

TOUGH LUCK, DICK, BUT IF WHIFFLE CALLS 'EM THE SAME FOR US, WE'LL GET THOSE TWO RUNS BACK.

LEAD OFF, SLIP'RY. GET HOLD OF ONE!



SLIP'RY LEADS OFF FOR FARR.



STR-R-RIKE ONE!

WOW! HE'S CALLIN' 'EM JUST THE OPPOSITE AGAINST US!

HMPH! YOU'LL ALL STRIKE OUT IF THAT ROBBER HAS HIS OWN WAY. BETTER SWING ON. THE BAD ONES. YOU MAY GET A HIT!

STE-E-RIKE THREE! YER OUT!



NATURALLY IT IS HARD TO MEET THE BALL SQUARELY WHILE LUNGING AT A WILD FITCH.



BAH! A WEAK POP-UP. DUCK SOUP FOR THE PITCHER. NO SENSE IN TRYING TO RUN IT OUT.

AFTER SEVERAL INNINGS OF UNFAIR TREATMENT, THE TEMPER OF THE FARR TEAM WEAR THIN!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, WHIFFLE? GIVE US A BREAK!

QUIET! I'LL THROW YOU OUT OF THE GAME!

ROBBER!



TAKE IT EASY THERE, FELLOWS!

MAJOR FARR COMES DOWN FROM HIS BOX.

'TENSHUN! REMEMBER, FARR MEN ARE SPORTSMEN! TAKE WHAT COMES WITHOUT GRIPING!

ALL RIGHT, PLAY BALL, MEN!



MEANWHILE, ROD OVERHEARS SNATCHES OF INTERESTING CONVERSATION FROM THE BOX JUST BELOW HIM!

WE'LL MAKE PLENTY... OR MY NAME AIN'T JOLLY... FARR WOULD BE SURPRISED... HA, HA, HA... AMAZED IF THEY ONLY KNEW....

KNEW WHAT? I GOTTA HEAR IT ALL!

LEND ME YOUR EAR TRUMPET, UNCLE BEN!



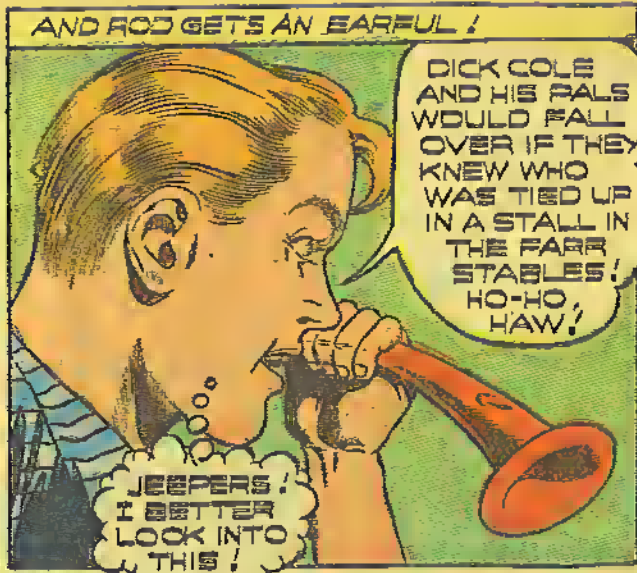


ROD RUSHES
FROM THE BOX!

WHAT ON...? ROD COLE,
COME BACK THIS
INSTANT! WHERE ARE
YOU GOING WITH UNCLE
BEN'S EAR TRUMPET?



SORRY,
LAURA!
I'LL BE
BACK!



DIDJA HEAR THAT,
FITZ? "ROD COLE,"
SHE SEZ! PROBABLY
DICK COLE'S BROTHER
IN THE NEXT BOX...
EAVESDROPPING!

YEAH! AND THERE HE
GOES! DON'T WORRY,
BOSS, I'LL TAIL HIM!



ROD RACES TO THE STABLES, AND
SEARCHES THE STALLS. FINALLY...

GOLLY! WHO ARE YOU?
I'LL REMOVE YOUR
GAG!

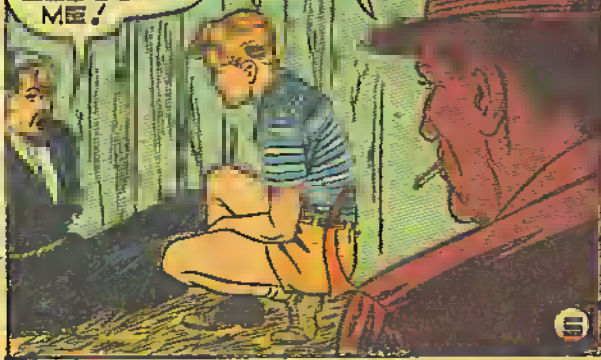
MRP-MMMP!



I'M WHIFFLE,
THE UMPIRE!
SOME
ELASTED
THUGS
SLUGGED
ME!

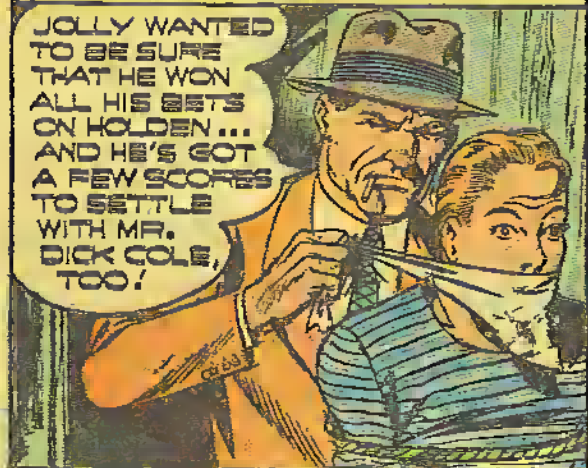
BUT
WHY?

'CAUSE JOLLY
WANTED TO PUT
HIS OWN MAN IN
WHIFFLE'S
PLACE!



BEFORE ROD CAN MOVE, JOLLY ROGERS'S MAN, FITZ, TIES HIS ARMS TO HIS SIDES. THEN...

JOLLY WANTED TO BE SURE THAT HE WON ALL HIS BETS ON HOLDEN... AND HE'S GOT A FEW SCORES TO SETTLE WITH MR. DICK COLE, TOO!



WITH BOTH OF YOU GAGGED AND SOUND, YOU'LL STAY PUT TILL THE GAME'S OVER! DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE OUTCOME. HOLDEN CAN'T LOSE. SO LONG!



I'VE GOT TO GET LOOSE AND WARN FARR OR THEY'LL LOSE THE CHAMPIONSHIP! I'M SURE I CAN'T GET MY ARMS FREE, BUT MAYBE I CAN DISLODGE THE EAR TRUMPET FROM MY BELT!



AFTER MUCH SQUIRMING, ROD FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN DISLODGING THE TRUMPET.

THIS GAG'S TIGHT, BUT IF I MAKE FACES LONG ENOUGH MAYBE I CAN WORK IT OFF!



PRECIOUS MINUTES PASS AS ROD STRUGGLES, BUT AT LAST...

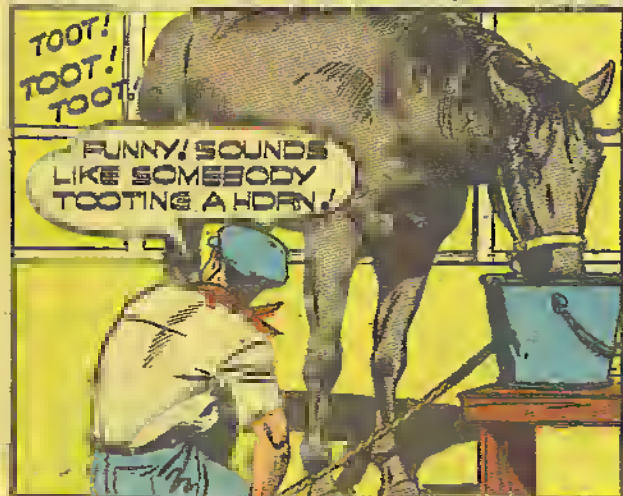
AH! MY MOUTH IS FREE AT LAST! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY MAKE A LOUD NOISE ON THE TRUMPET!



OUTSIDE THE STABLES, A GROOM HEARS THE SOUNDS...

TOOT!
TOOT!
TOOT!

FUNNY! SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY TOOTING A HORN!



...AND INVESTIGATES.

WELL, I'LL BE! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?



MEANWHILE, FARR IS LOSING 4-0 IN THE NINTH INNING. ALTHOUGH DICK'S SUPERB PITCHING HAS PUT TWO MEN OUT, TWO HOLDEN PLAYERS ARE ON BASE, AND THERE ARE THREE BALLS ON THE BATTER.



I WONDER WHERE ROD WENT? I HOPE HE DOESN'T THINK I'VE LET HIM DOWN!



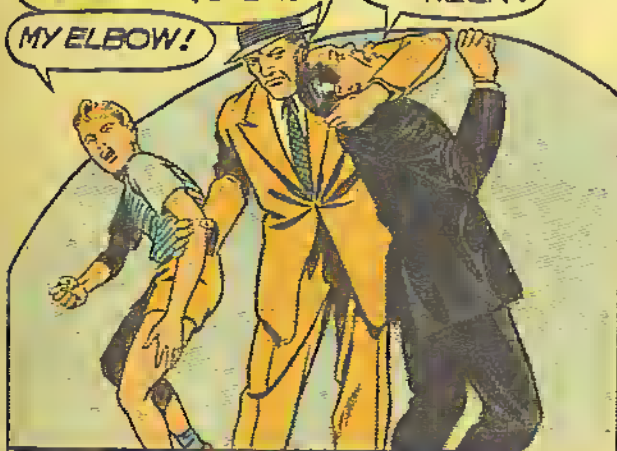
SUDDENLY... ULP! THEY GOT LOOSE! I'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM, QUICK!



IF YOU TWO WANNA STAY HEALTHY, SCRAM QUICK!

OUCH! YOU'RE BREAKING MY NECK!

MY ELBOW!

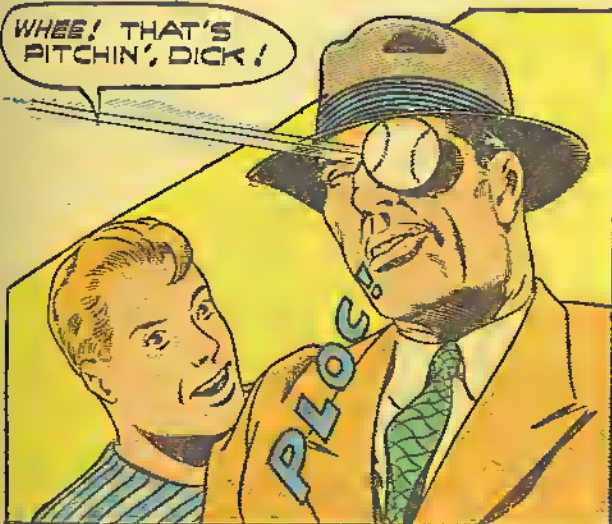


DICK SEES THE SCUFFLE, STEPS OFF THE MOUND, TAKES CAREFUL AIM, AND...

I HATE TO USE A BEAN BALL, BUT THIS CASE IS AN EXCEPTION!



WHEE! THAT'S PITCHIN', DICK!



OFFICER, ARREST THAT IMPOSTER! I AM WHIFFLE, THE REAL UMPIRE!

WHOA! JUST A MINUTE, CHUM!



THE POLICEMAN MARCHES THE FAKE UMPIRE AWAY.

IT'S NICE TO HAVE A REAL UMP, BUT IT'S A LITTLE LATE. THE BASES ARE LOADED AND HOLDEN'S BEST HITTER IS UP!

I'VE JUST GOT TO GET HIM OUT, SIMBA! IF HOLDEN DOESN'T SCORE AGAIN, WE HAVE A CHANCE TO TAKE THE GAME IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH! LET'S GO!



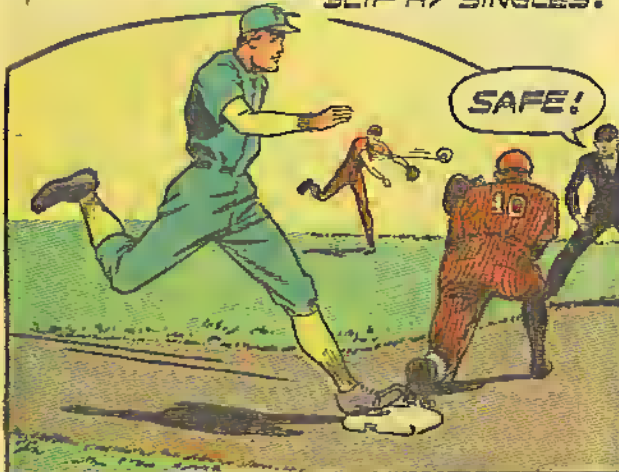
DICK BLAZES HIS FAST BALL AT THE CORNERS!

STRIKE THREE! YOU'RE OUT!

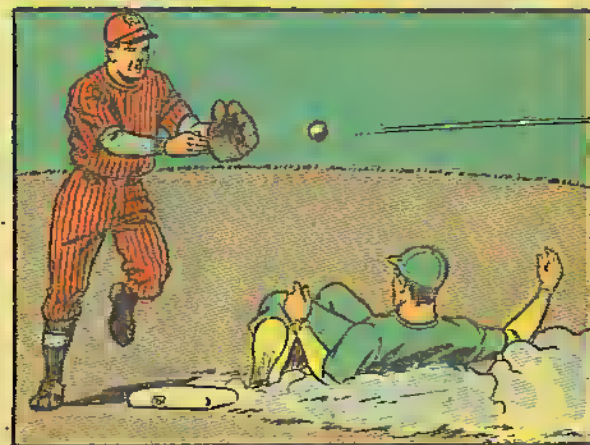
YIPES! THAT RETIRES THE SIDE!



NOW ABLE TO WAIT FOR THE "FAT" PITCHES, FARR STRIKES BACK! SLIP'RY SINGLES.



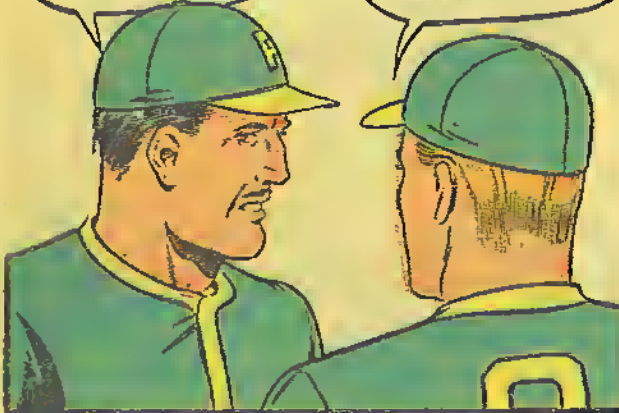
BARK HALL'S LONG DOUBLE OFF THE FENCE SCORES SLIP'RY AS BARK SLIDES INTO SECOND SAFELY HOLDEN 4 - FARR 1.



SIMBA KARNO'S SINGLE AND TED TODLEY'S WALK LOAD THE BASES.

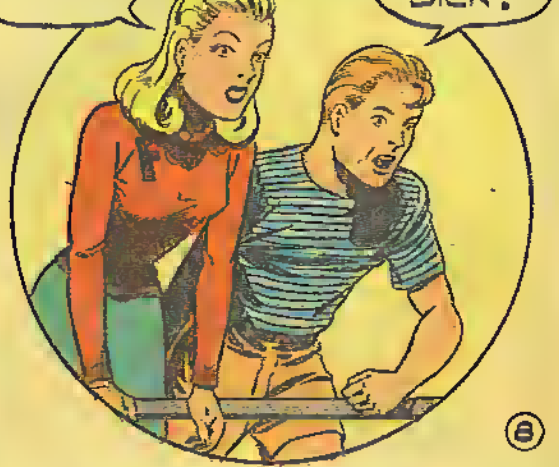
DICK! IT'S UP TO YOU!

I'LL DO MY BEST, COACH.



GOOD LUCK, DICK!

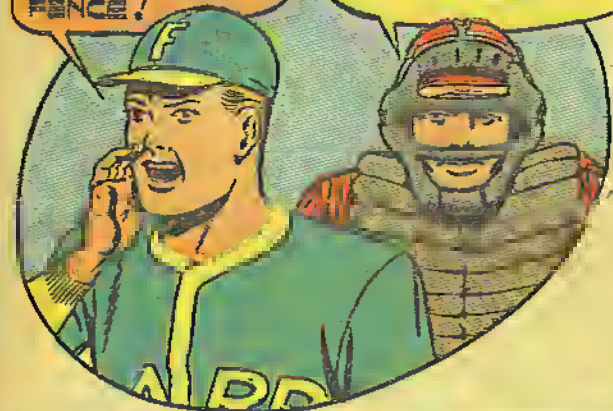
SOCK IT, DICK!



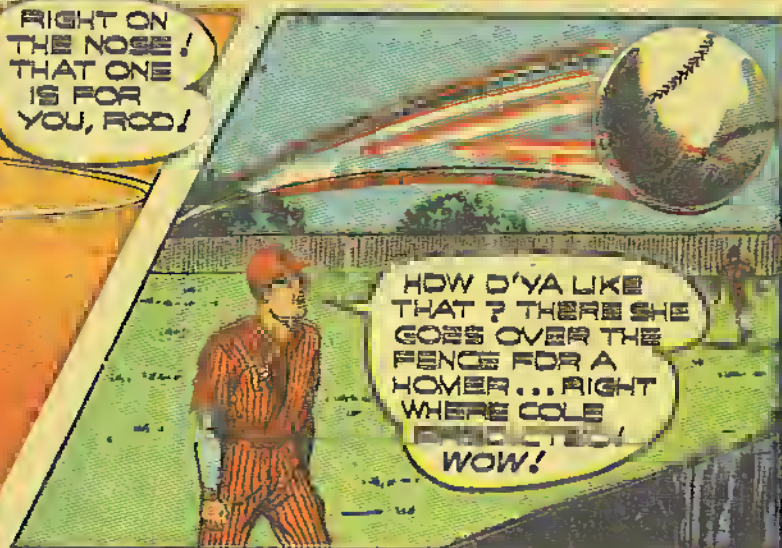
YOU'LL GET YOUR WISH, ROD! WATCH THE FIRST PITCH SAIL OVER THE CENTER-FIELD FENCE!

HUH! BASE RUTH ONCE CALLED HIS SHOT IN A WORLD SERIES, BUT YOU AIN'T BASE RUTH!

HEY, COLE, I'M TAKIN' ROOT ON THIRD BASE HERE! CUT OUT THE GRANDSTAND STUFF AND GET ME HOME!



RIGHT ON THE NOSE! THAT ONE IS FOR YOU, ROD!

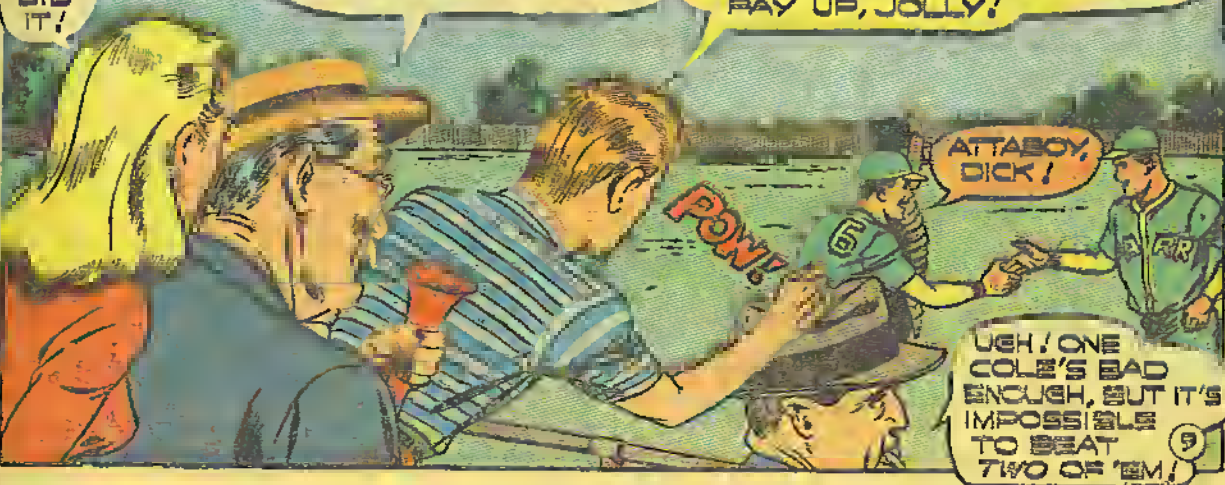


HOW D'YA LIKE THAT? THERE IT GOES OVER THE FENCE FOR A HOMER... RIGHT WHERE COLE EXPECTED! WOW!

OH, DICK! YOU DID IT!

HURRAY! MAKES ME FEEL TEN YEARS YOUNGER!

YIP-BEE! A GRAND-SLAMMER! FARR WINS! AND YOU HAVE TO PAY UP, JOLLY!

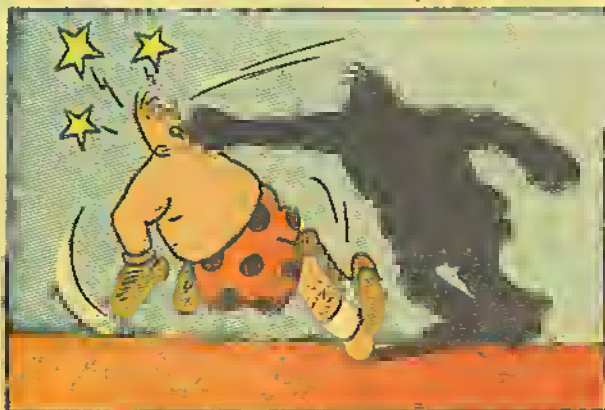
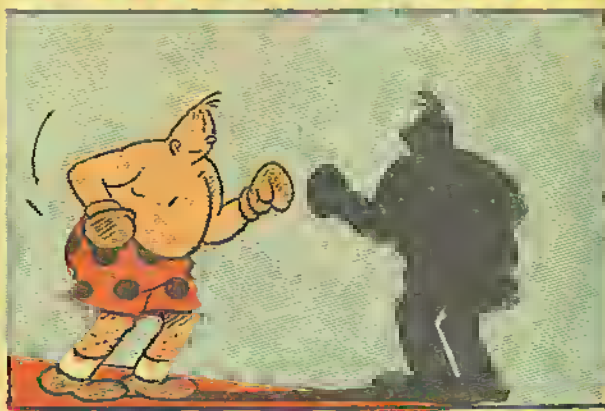
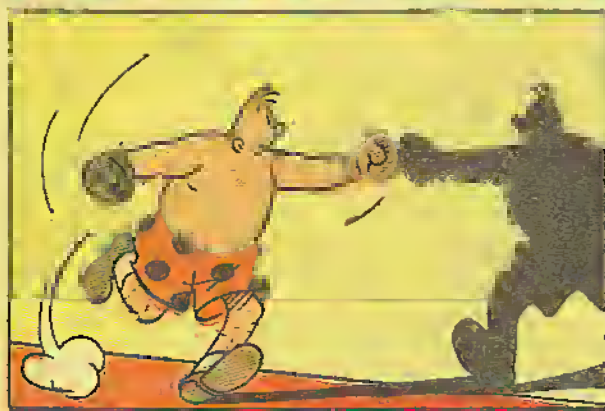
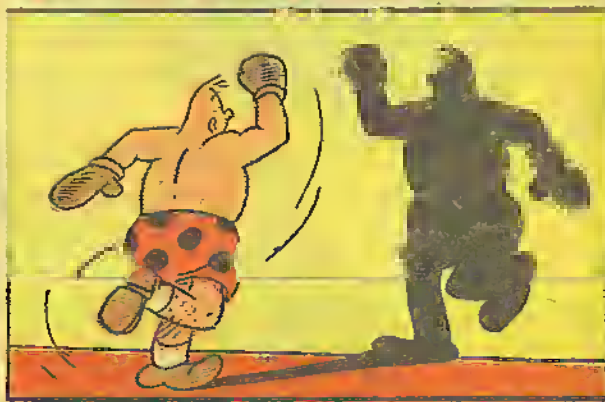
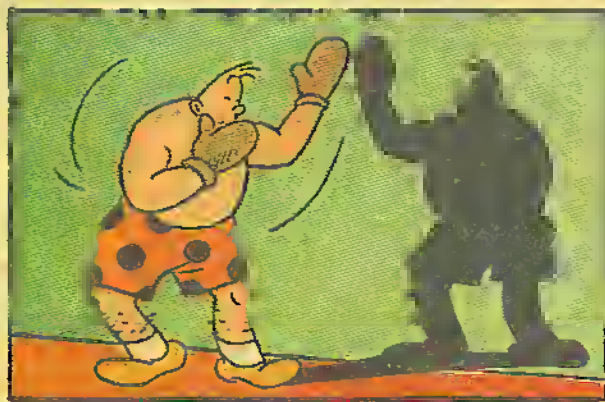
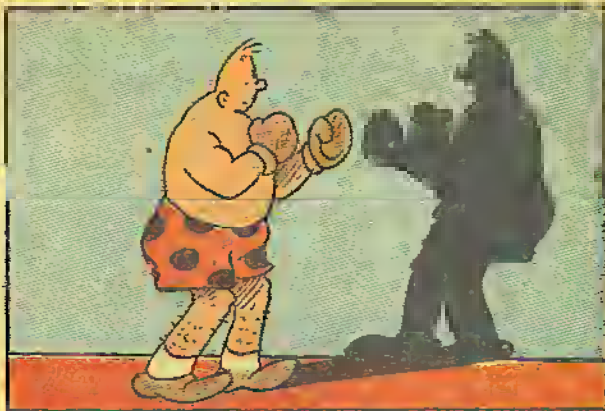


ATTABOY, DICK!

UGH! ONE COLE'S BAD ENOUGH, BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BEAT TWO OF 'EM!

TWO-TON O'TOOLE

SHADOW BOXING.



BLUE BOLT

G'WAN - HOW COULD YOUR
UNCLE SHOOT A LION IN
THE HEAD AND FOOT
WITH JUST ONE
BULLET??

EASY, HECTOR!
THE LION WAS
SCRATCHING HIS
HEAD!!



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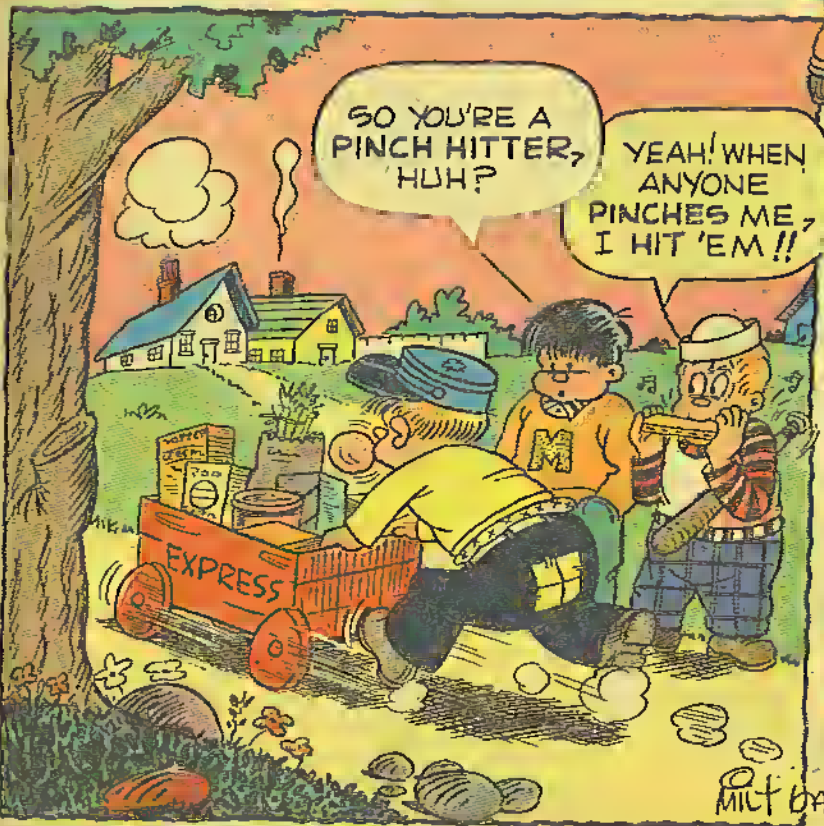
WM. PENN STAMP CO. Dept. x, P. O. Box 393, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

SURE I CAN
READ YOUR
FACE - IT'S
SIMPLE!!



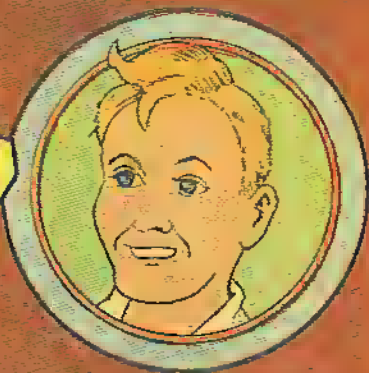
SO YOU'RE A
PINCH HITTER,
HUH?

YEAH! WHEN
ANYONE
PINCHES ME,
I HIT 'EM!!



Milt BAMMER

Edison Bell



WE'D BETTER BE GETTING STARTED, JERRY! IT'LL BE DARK BEFORE LONG!



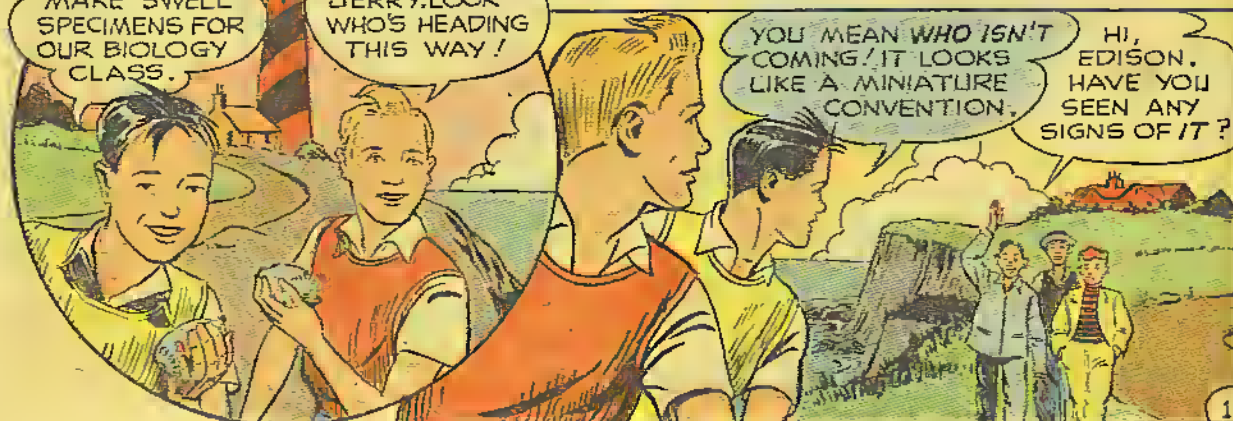
RIGHT! JUST LET ME FINISH WEEDING OUT THESE SMALLER SHELLS.

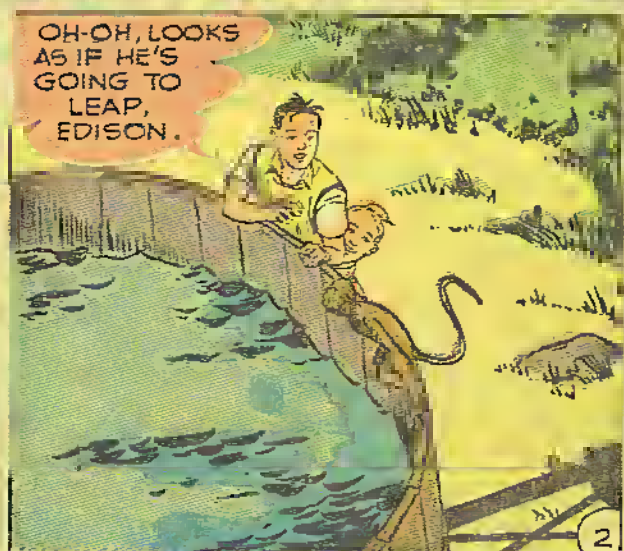
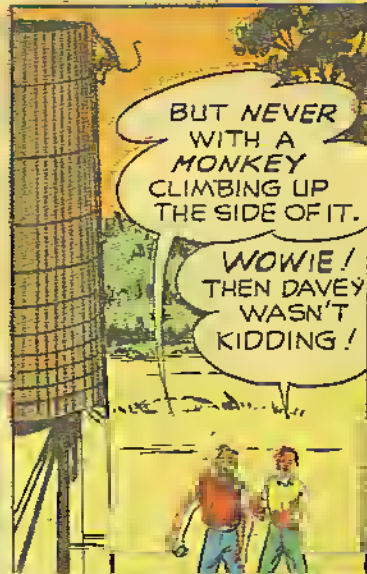
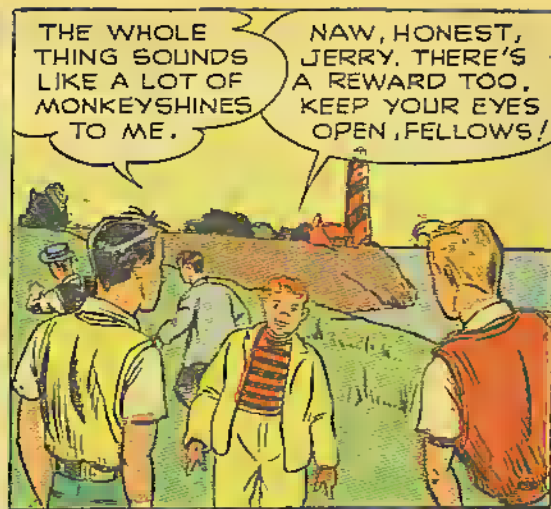
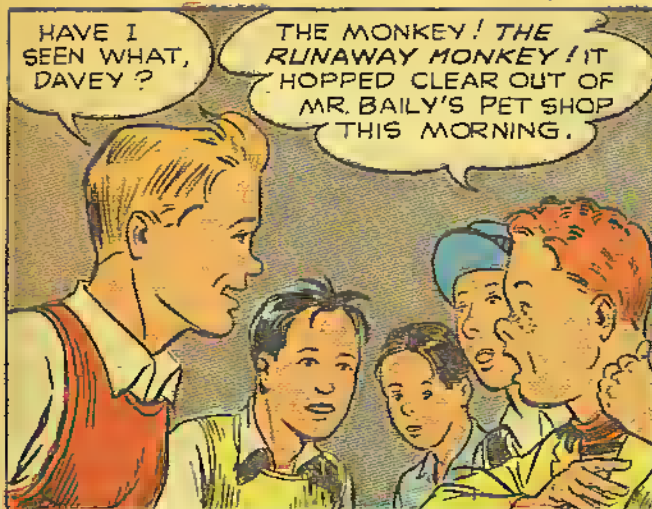
BOY, THESE SHELLS WILL MAKE SWELL SPECIMENS FOR OUR BIOLOGY CLASS.

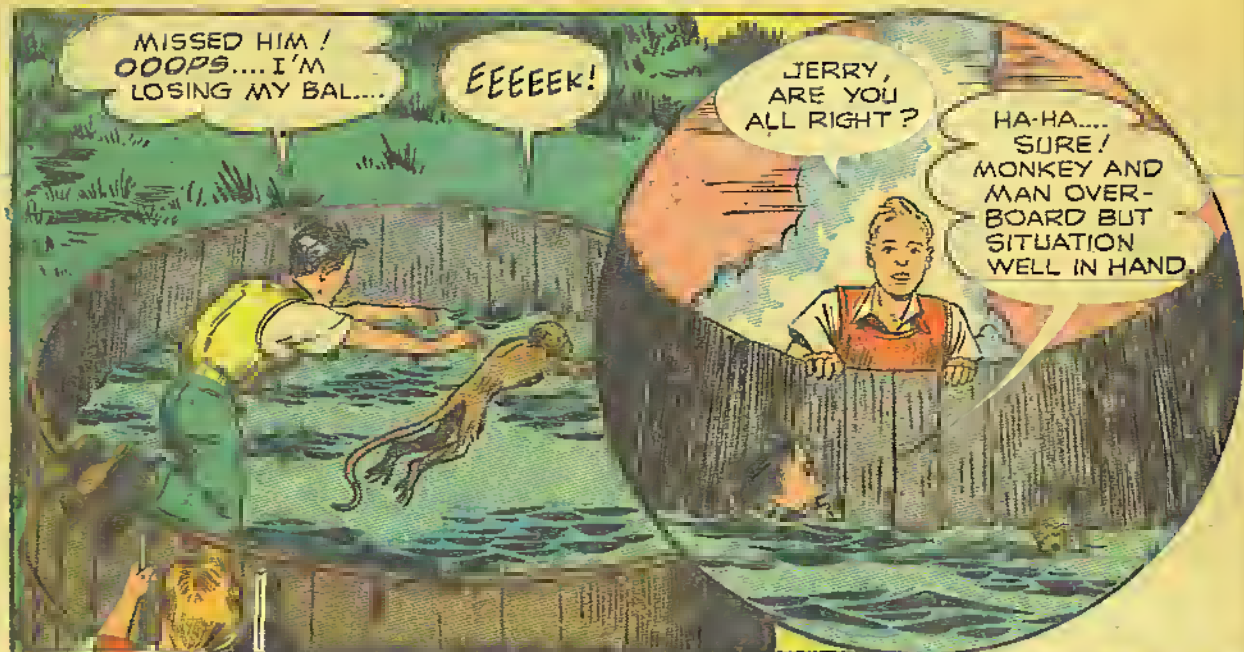
UH-HUH. HOLD IT, JERRY, LOOK WHO'S HEADING THIS WAY!

YOU MEAN WHO ISN'T COMING! IT LOOKS LIKE A MINIATURE CONVENTION.

HI, EDISON. HAVE YOU SEEN ANY SIGNS OF IT?







ACTUALLY, THE SITUATION
IS GROWING SERIOUS....

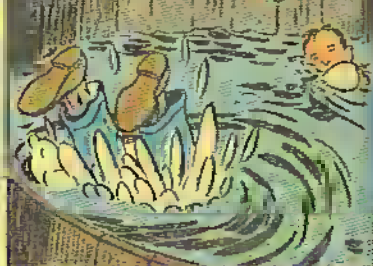


C-CAN
YOU PULL
ME UP?

I'M TRYING
TO BUT-BUT...
I'M GOING
OVER!

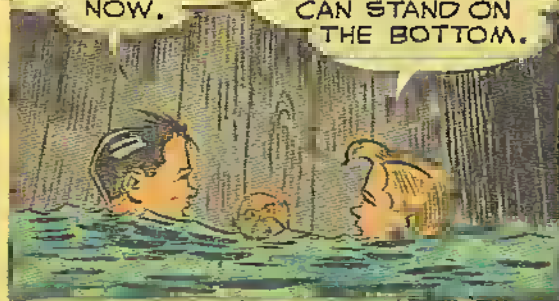


SPLASH!



WHEW, THAT
WATER IS SINKING
LOWER EVERY
SECOND. WE CAN'T
REACH THE RIM
NOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO
TREAD WATER
UNTIL THE TANK
EMPTIES ITSELF
ENOUGH SO WE
CAN STAND ON
THE BOTTOM.



BUT THERE'S SLIM HOPE OF THAT, EDISON,
FOR OUTSIDE THE TANK.....

'BOUT TIME I GOT HOME FOR
CHOW. I'LL JUST TURN THE TANK
OFF UNTIL TOMORROW.



THE FARMER, COMPLETING HIS CHORES, HEADS FOR HIS DISTANT HOUSE..

JERRY, THE WATER STOPPED RECEDING.

CAN'T KEEP TREADING WATER FOREVER.

WAIT... THAT RELEASE VALVE! IF IT OPENS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE TANK, IT MUST OPEN ON THE *INSIDE*! I'M GOING TO DIVE FOR IT.

IT DOES OPEN. I CAN SEE WATER ESCAPING. BUT... CAN'T... HOLD... BREATH....

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BOYS STRUGGLE WITH THE VALVE AT THE TANK BOTTOM, UNTIL FINALLY...

ED! WE CAN STAND!

D-DID IT GO DOWN ANY?

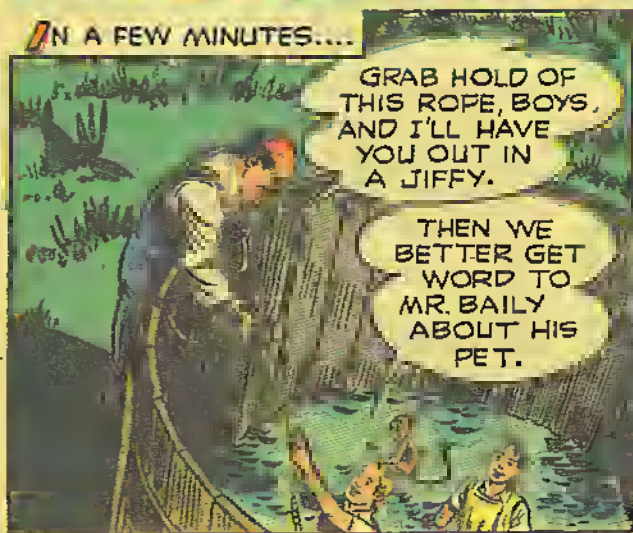
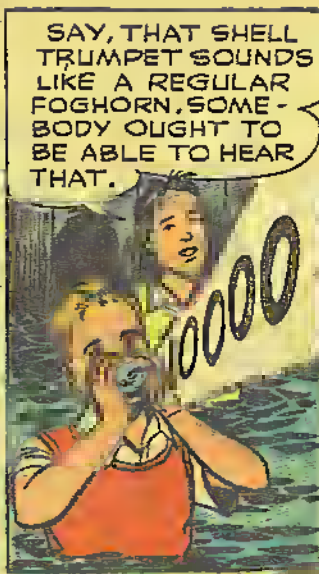
UH-HUH. QUITE A FEW INCHES. NOW I'LL GO DOWN.

YEAH, BUT HOW LONG CAN WE STAND AROUND HERE SHIVERING?

THERE'S NOT MUCH USE CALLING FOR HELP. THE NEAREST FARM-HOUSE IS A GOOD WAYS AWAY.

THE SEASHELLS! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

I DON'T FOLLOW YOU, EDISON.



ANYONE CAN MAKE THIS **CONCH HORN**



CONCH HORNS CAN BE USED IN MANY WAYS: TO CALL YOUR GANG TOGETHER, AS A WARNING HORN WHEN YOU ARE OUT ON YOUR BIKE, ETC.

FIRST, GET A CONCH SHELL LIKE THIS:



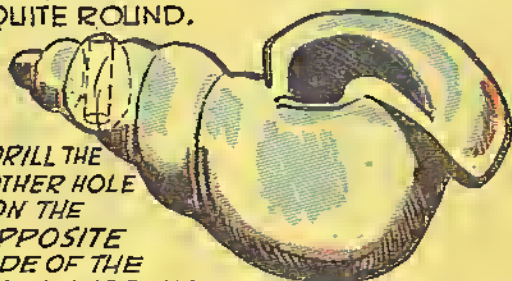
IT MUST BE AT LEAST 14 INCHES LONG.

IN THE DEEP SOUTH THESE SHELL HORNS WERE USED ON THE PLANTATIONS TO CALL THE HELP FROM THE FIELDS.



TWO,

HOLES MUST BE DRILLED: ONE, TO BLOW THROUGH, LOCATED ON TOP OF THE SHELL ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY FROM THE LIP OPENING. MAKE IT $\frac{3}{4}$ " IN DIAMETER BUT NOT QUITE ROUND.



DRILL THE OTHER HOLE ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE SHELL BUT ON THE SAME WHIRL. MAKE IT ABOUT $\frac{3}{8}$ " IN DIAMETER.

THEY WERE ALSO USED BY THE NATIVES ON MANY OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDS TO CALL THE TRIBES TOGETHER FOR TRIBAL MEETINGS OR WHEN HOSTILE WARRIORS WERE APPROACHING.

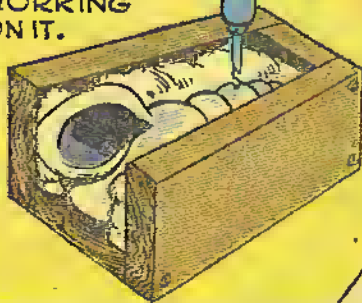


NATIVE METHOD OF DRILLING THE SHELL.

MAKE A JIG OR HOLDER TO KEEP THE SHELL FROM SLIPPING WHILE YOU ARE WORKING ON IT.



PACK COTTON AROUND THE SHELL.



THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT—NOW, PUT IT TO YOUR LIPS AND BLOW.



IT WAS dark in the freight yard, but Jimmy Fargo had been hiding in the shadows for a long while and his eyes were used to the blackness. The engine snorted and puffed and strained forward. The loose couplings tightened, clanked 'all down the line of the cars as the long freight moved slowly forward.

Jimmy strained his eyes, focusing them on the underslung rods between the front and rear wheels of each car. He thought hopefully that he might see Tom riding the rails out of Bridgeton. Then he saw him and he ran from his hiding place.

"Tom," he shouted, "don't go!"

When Jimmy reached his brother the train already was picking up speed and was reaching the network of tracks leading to the roadbed of the main line. Jimmy sprang forward and grabbed Tom by the coat.

"Let go!" the elder brother snarled. "Let go, you little fool!"

But Jimmy hung on while Tom clung to the rods. The momentum of the train yanked him stumbling over the rails. He fell forward. Tom looked back and saw Jimmy tripping and land across the

rail as the rear wheel of the train rolled toward him. Tom Fargo dropped from the rods to the ground and grabbed Jimmy, dragged him clear of the tracks.

The elder brother hauled Jimmy to his feet and pressed his face close to the kid's.

"I could lace you up right here!" Tom said blackly. His face was taut and strained and nerves raw.

Jimmy's chin trembled, but he did not answer. From the corner of his eye he saw the last car of the freight pass them and he dared not bring his brother's attention to it.

At last he said: "You gotta come back, Tom. You can't run out of Bridgeton tonight."

Tom looked after the fading lights of the caboose and shook his head.

"That's the rottenest thing anybody ever did to me and it had to be you, my own brother."

Jimmy grinned in the night and raised his hand to Tom's arm.

"You can't run off like that, Tom. Come on back home."

Tom started forward. "What else can I do now?"

he asked bitterly. "But there'll be a train out of this dump tomorrow night or the next or the next. Some time I'll make it."

"Yeah," Jimmy answered. "But not tonight."

Tom Fargo, his head down, walked fast across the hard cinder bed of the yard. Jimmy half ran to keep up with him.

"I know you don't like the town, Tom," he said, "but how do you know you'll like another one?"

"Anything would be better than this hole," Tom answered tersely. "Eighteen bucks a week to work ten hours a day as a grocery clerk. And then at that having Old Man Lorentz thinking he's doing *me* a favor. I tell you, Jimmy, I'm getting out of here! I'm going to the city — where the money is! Where the people mind their own business. Where they don't watch everything you do. Where they don't look to see what side of the tracks you were born on before they accept you."

Tom had slowed down now and as Jimmy caught up to him he placed a hand on the kid's shoulder.

"I don't blame you, kid. I'm sorry I spoke so rough. I'm burned up and plenty

disgusted and I'm still going to leave."

They reached the center of Bridgeton without saying much. It was nine o'clock and the town already was quiet. Store windows were dark. Only the street lamps, the neon sign in front of O'Riley's Grille and the lighted clock on the town hall separated the gloom between dusk and daylight.

Turning from Main up Birch Avenue they came upon Officers Bill Mace and Pete Hill who were walking toward them. They appeared to be merely two patrolmen leaving headquarters, each for his respective beat, but when they came up to Jimmy and Tom, each one grabbed one of Tom's arms.

"What's the idea!" Tom cried. He turned his head toward Jimmy and his eyes were blazing. "You see what you got me into now?"

"Nice going, Jimmy," Hill said. Then: "We're taking you to headquarters, Tom. Better not tug so much. You won't get away from us."

Tom stared hatefully at his brother. "You framed me for this pinch! So that's it! I should have let those car wheels go over you!"

"He doesn't mean that, Mr. Hill!" Jimmy sobbed to the cop. "You gotta believe that, Mr. Mace!"

"Of course, kid. Now let's get to headquarters."

When they reached headquarters Mr. Lorentz was there and so was Reverend Miller. Tom lowered his head, then slumped into the bench at the side of the wall. His cheeks burned and his

lips curled in a sneer. Reverend Miller came over to him.

"It was foolish to run away, Tom," he said.

Tom stared at the floor and said nothing. Reverend Miller called to Mr. Lorentz,

"Do you want to press charges?" he asked.

"No," he said. "Not yet. We haven't proved anything yet. Only I know the money for the day's business was stolen from the safe."

Tom got to his feet. He tried to speak, but his lips were dry. At first he couldn't make a sound. Finally he blurted: "You think I'd take one cent of your money?"

Suddenly Tom's shoulders sagged as the awful truth came upon him. He was in the eyes of the men in the room a criminal who had robbed his employer. And his trying to run away from Bridgeton the very night of the robbery placed the finger of guilt straight at him. He sank back into the chair and sobbed.

"Even Jimmy thinks I did it!" he cried.

Chief Miller came out of his office. He wiped his face with his handkerchief and said, "Phew; that's a relief!" Reverend Miller looked up and smiled, then placed a hand on Tom's shoulder. The chief went on: "They've picked up a couple of thugs in Eastville. They admitted they'd robbed the store. They had the dough right with them."

Tom Fargo looked up at Reverend Miller and then at Jimmy. Jimmy walked over to Tom.

"I couldn't say why I

wanted you back here," he told his brother. "You'd have run off, the way you were feeling. But we all wanted to make *sure* you weren't under any suspicion."

Tom said, "I don't catch."

Reverend Miller broke in, "You see, Tom, it looked bad for you for a little while. The money disappeared and no one, not even Jimmy, knew where you were. Jimmy said he thought he might be able to find you and went looking. So did all the rest of the force. So did the mayor. So did about everyone else in town. Not because we thought you had done it, but because we were sure you didn't."

Tom gulped and tears came into his eyes.

Chief Murphy continued where Reverend Miller had stopped: "We couldn't let our hero with a congressional medal and a purple heart even let himself in for suspicion. Now it's all right." He hesitated, then asked, "Where in heaven's name were you anyway?"

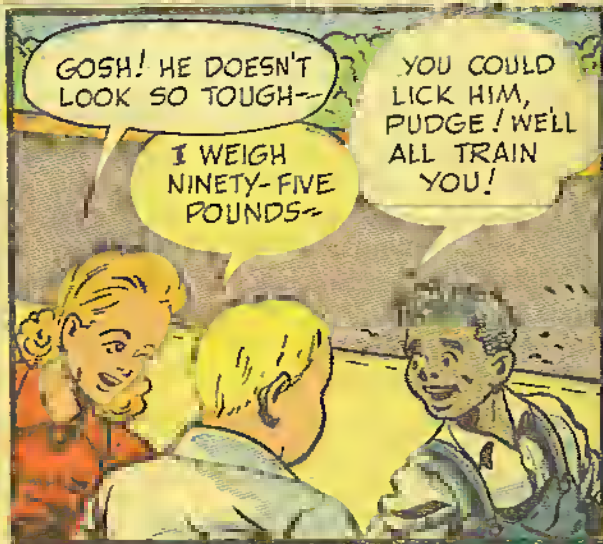
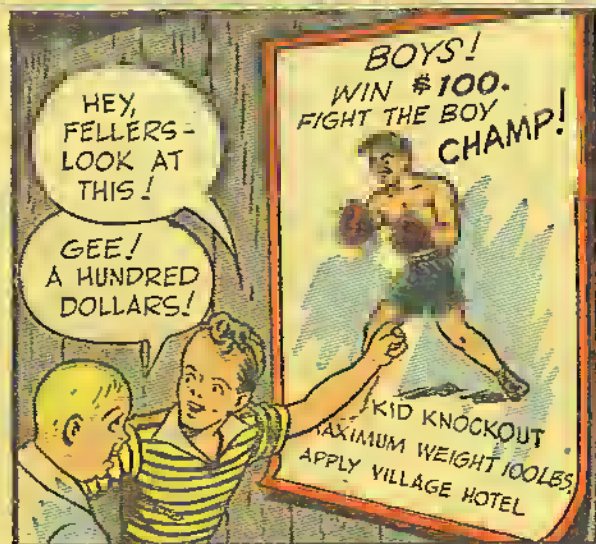
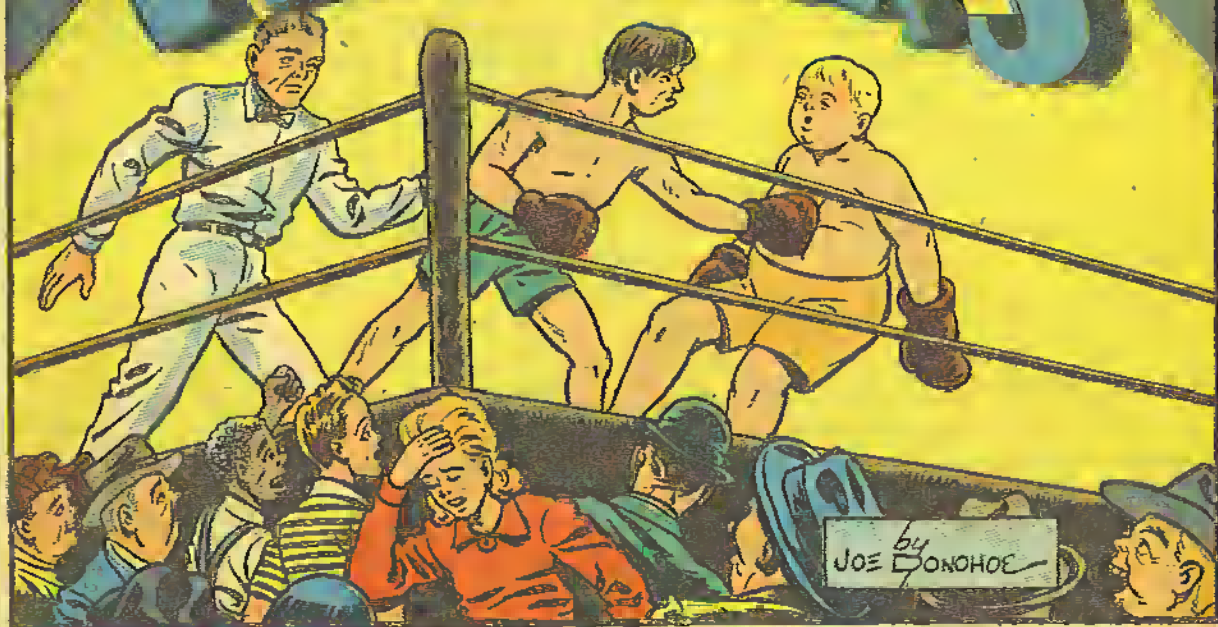
Jimmy chirped: "He was sort of taking a ride on a train."

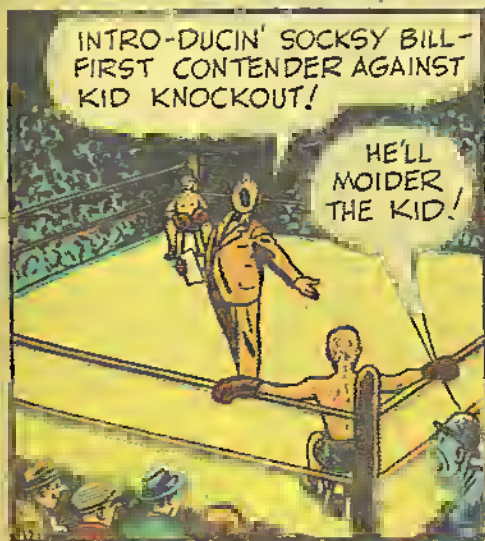
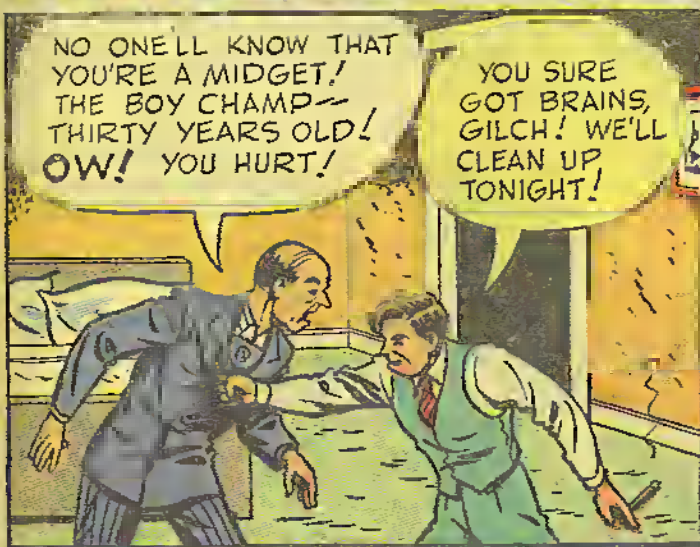
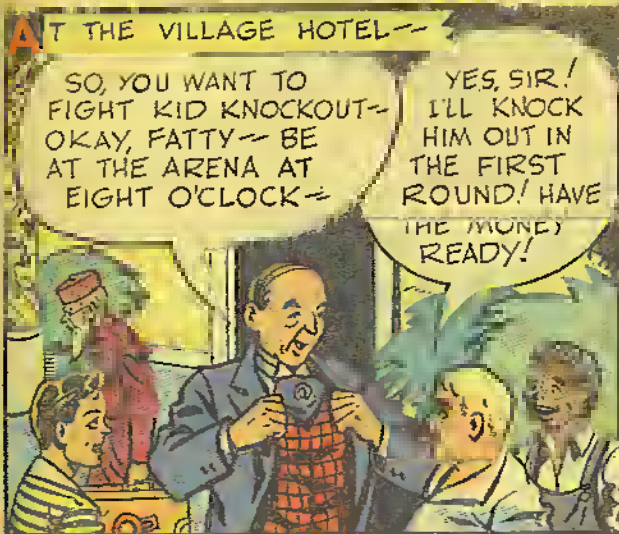
Outside Tom and Jimmy walked toward home. They were silent and yet felt strangely close.

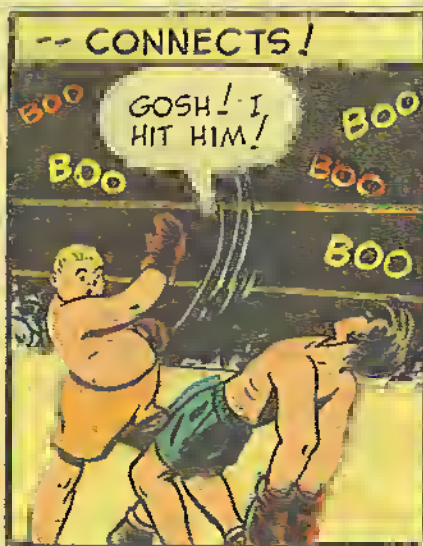
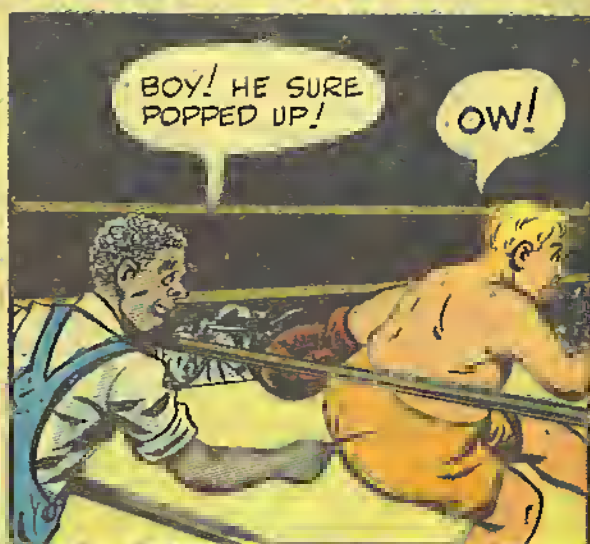
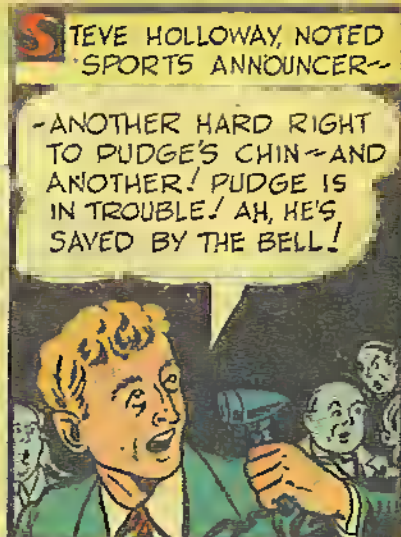
Finally Tom said: "I was all wrong, Jimmy. I'm glad you caught me. Where but in this old hick town I've been lambasting would everyone from the mayor down run all over the place trying to keep me from making a fool of myself?"

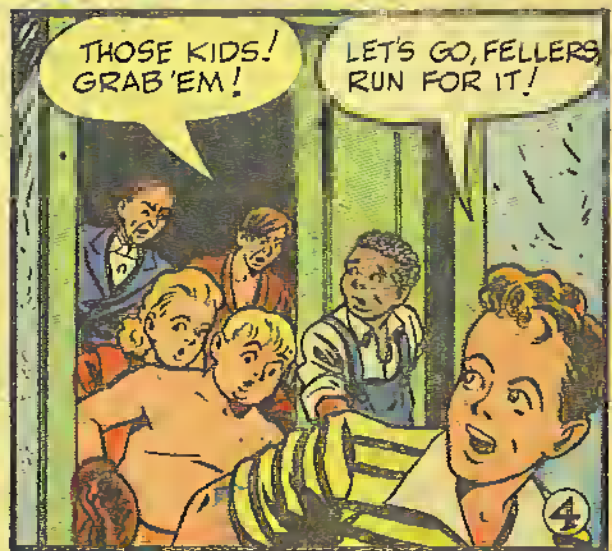
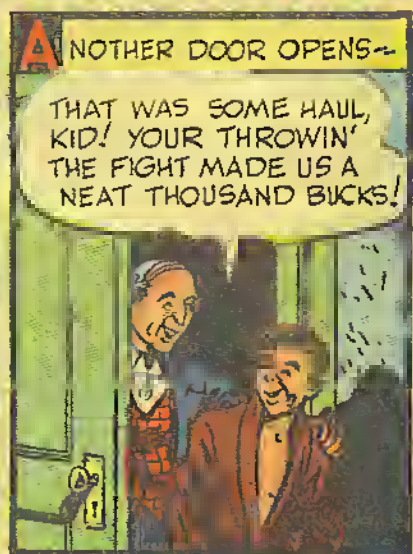
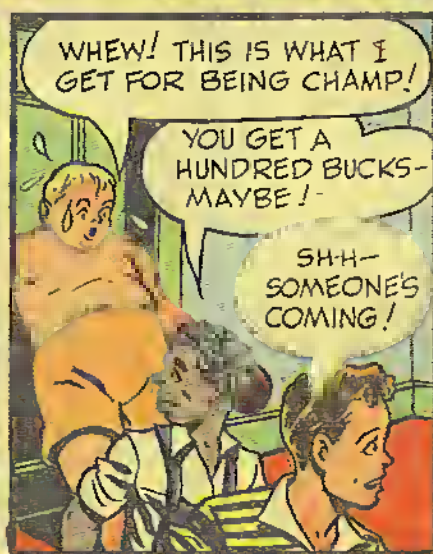
THE END

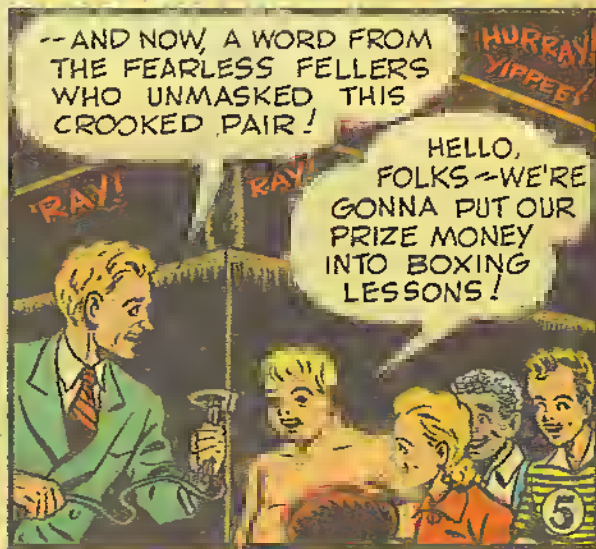
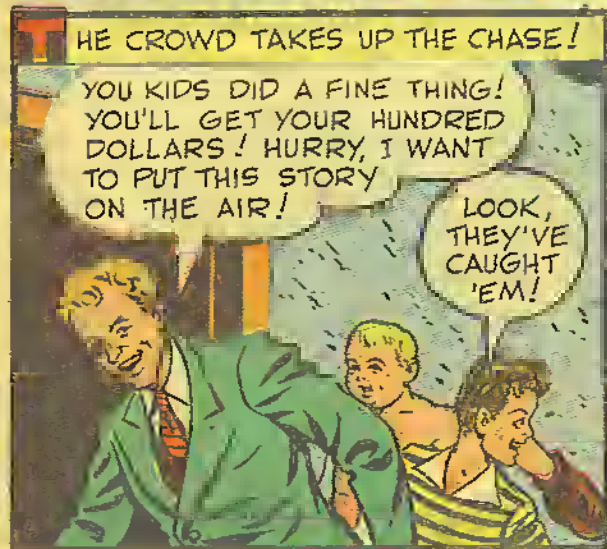
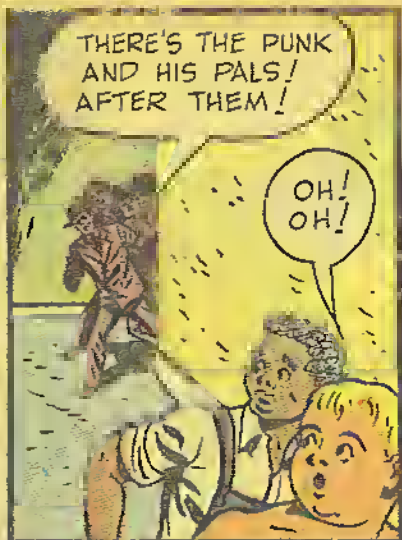
FEARLESS FELLERS











3 IN 1 AIR PISTOL

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\$3.49
3 for \$9.50

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AT LAST—AN AIR PISTOL AT A LOW PRICE. Sensational offer for those who want the thrill of shooting a real AIR PISTOL, either **INDOORS** or **OUTDOORS**. A great gun that will give you hours and hours of fun.

SPORTSMAN JR. AIR PISTOL

IT SHOOTS ALL THREE—regular BB's, metal PELLETS or STEEL DARTS. It has a great variety of uses from ordinary target work to hitting objects. The darts can be used over and over again. Summer or winter, spring or fall—this gun will be YOUR EVER FAITHFUL COMPANION.

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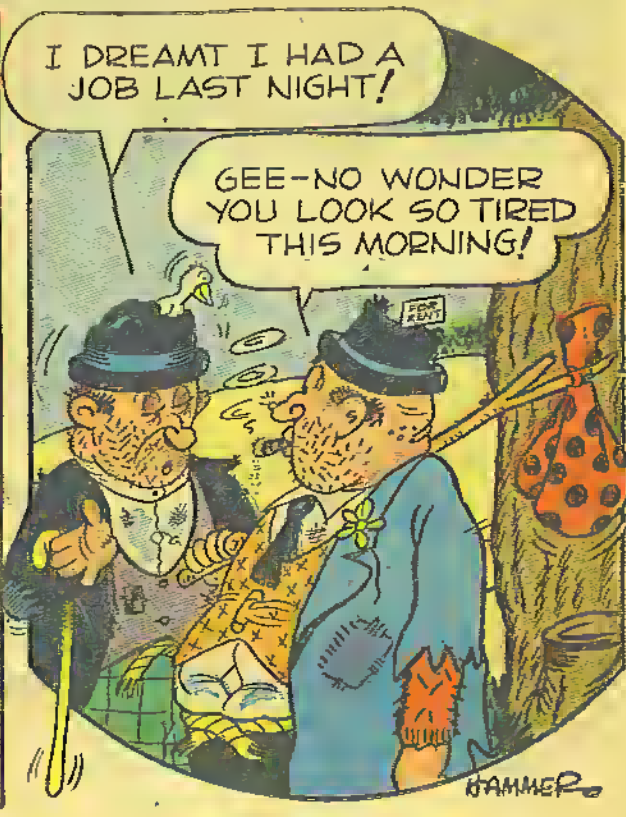
A beauty in looks and a wonder in performance. Has fast, single action compression chamber. Single shot. Easy loading and cocking—a pull of the plunger and it's ready to shoot. No pumping—just one action. Plenty of compression from the large air chamber and strong spring. Modeled after famous target pistol. Has non-slip moulded grip. Sturdy die-cast metal construction with machined steel operating parts for maximum accuracy. **FULL SIZE GUN—OVER 8 INCHES LONG BY 4 1/4 INCHES DEEP, WEIGHS 15 OUNCES.** Silent shooting—Economical to operate. Order plenty of ammunition to keep you well supplied. We ship anywhere. Sorry, No C.O.D. Orders at these cash prices.

SPORTSMAN JR. 3-in-1 AIR PISTOL ONLY \$3.49 EACH; 3 for \$9.50

BB's, Regular Package, 3 packages for.....25¢ STEEL DARTS, Per package.....35¢; 3 packages \$1.00
777 PELLETS, 500 for.....\$1.50 PAPER TARGETS.....25¢ for 100; 100 for 25¢

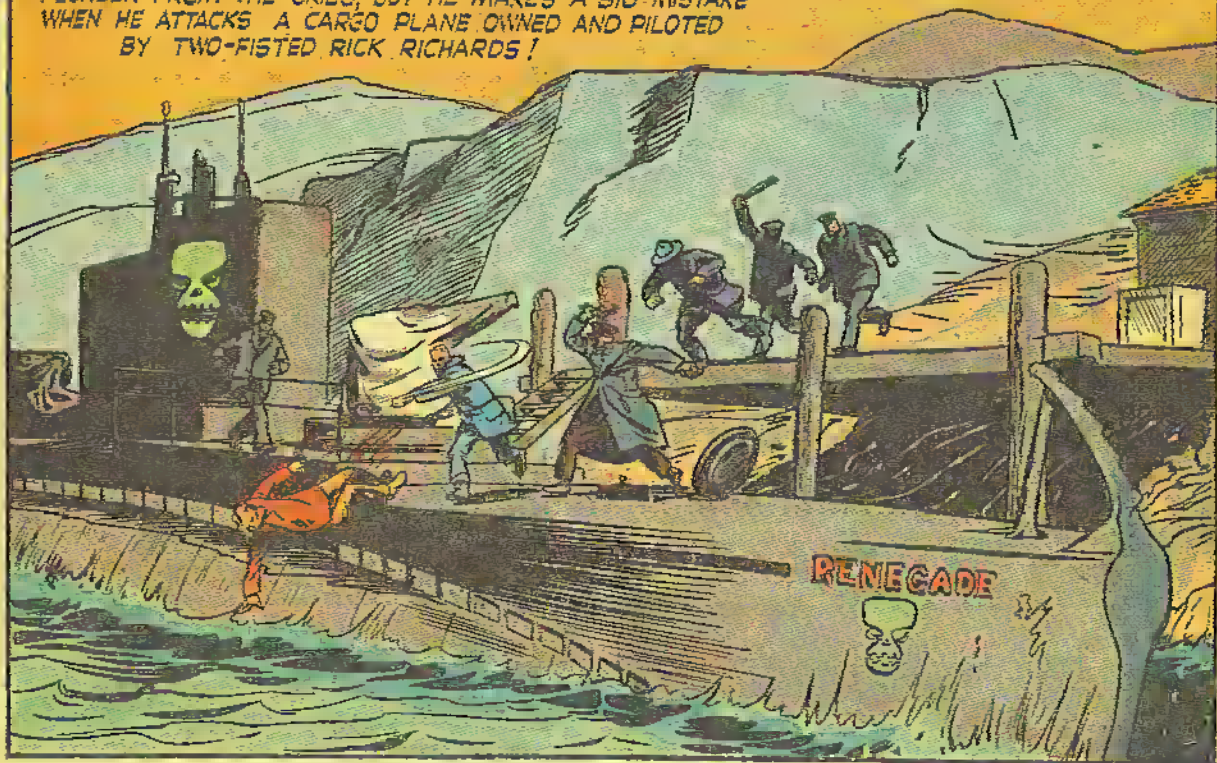
HOLSTER, Each.....50¢

JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. B—215 Detroit 7, Michigan AMERICA'S LEADING NOVELTY HOUSE FOR 33 YEARS



Rick Richards

A SINISTER NEW-STYLE PIRATE CLEVERLY USES THE IMPLEMENTS OF MODERN WARFARE TO PLUCK PLUNDER FROM THE SKIES, BUT HE MAKES A BIG MISTAKE WHEN HE ATTACKS A CARGO PLANE OWNED AND PILOTED BY TWO-FISTED RICK RICHARDS!

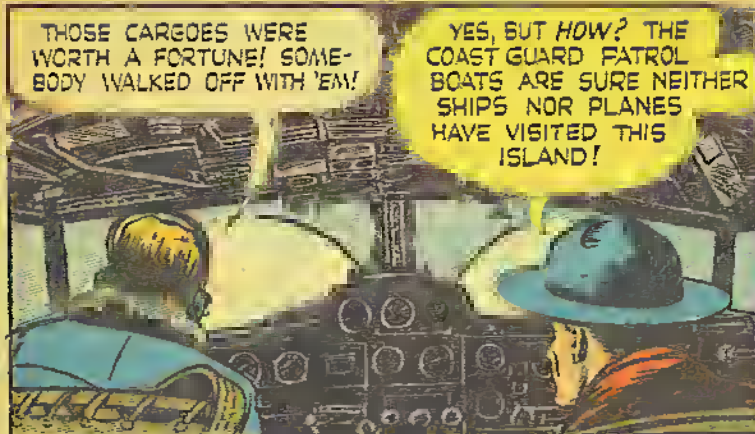


A GIANT CARGO PLANE CARRYING ONLY RICK RICHARDS AND A CANADIAN MOUNTIE HUGH FORT, ROARS TOWARD A DESERTED ISLAND OFF LABRADOR.

THREE OF MY CARGO PLANES HAVE CRACKED UP ON THIS ISLAND, FORT. THAT'S THREE TOO MANY!

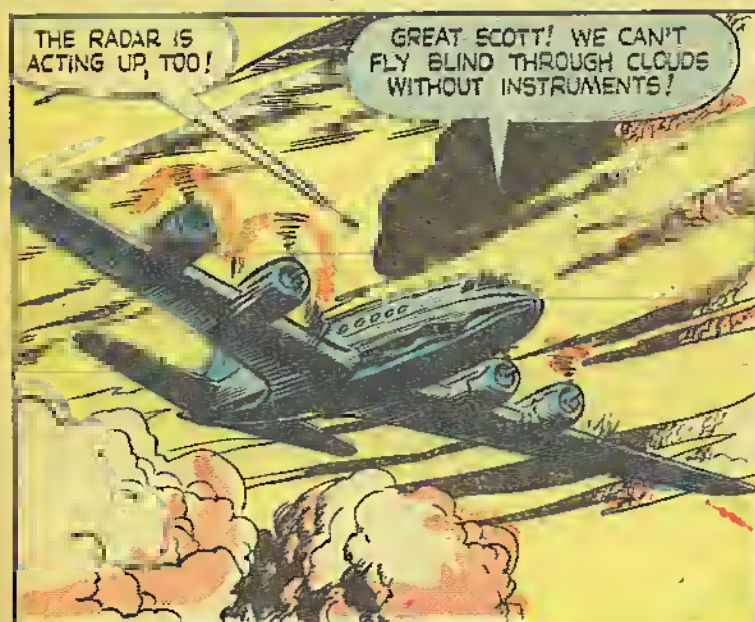
IT'S BAFFLING, RICHARDS! OUR MEN COULDN'T DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF THE CRASHES--NOR FIND A TRACE OF THE CARGOES, EITHER!





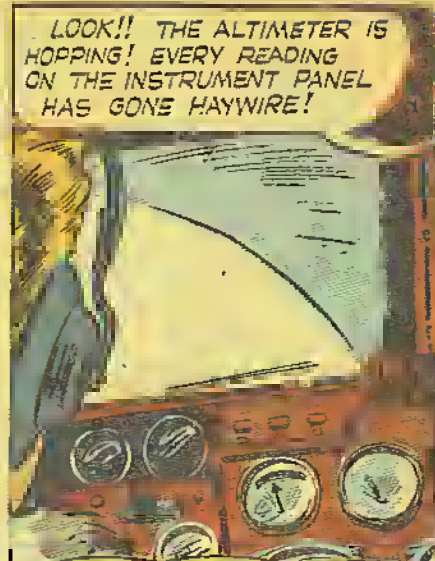
THOSE CARGOES WERE WORTH A FORTUNE! SOMEBODY WALKED OFF WITH 'EM!

YES, BUT HOW? THE COAST GUARD PATROL BOATS ARE SURE NEITHER SHIPS NOR PLANES HAVE VISITED THIS ISLAND!

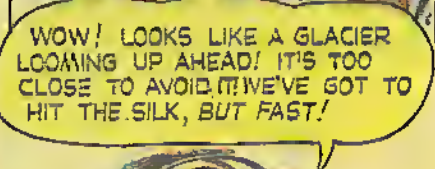


THE RADAR IS ACTING UP, TOO!

GREAT SCOTT! WE CAN'T FLY BLIND THROUGH CLOUDS WITHOUT INSTRUMENTS!



LOOK!! THE ALTIMETER IS HOPPING! EVERY READING ON THE INSTRUMENT PANEL HAS GONE HAYWIRE!

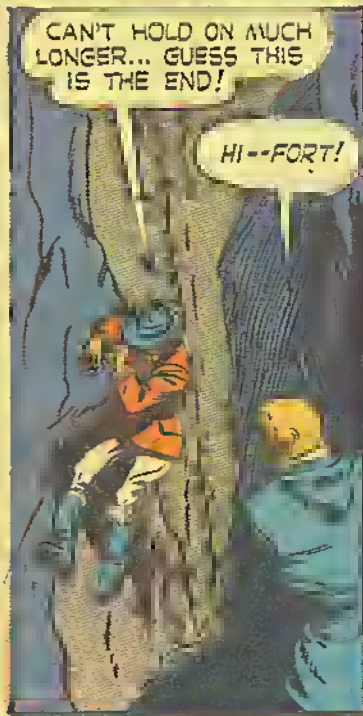
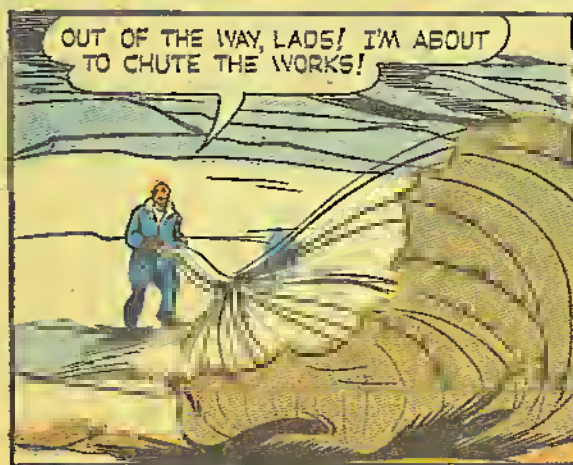
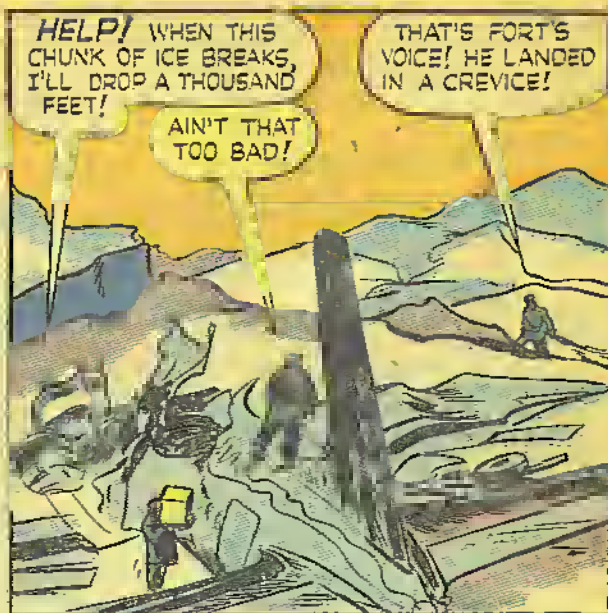
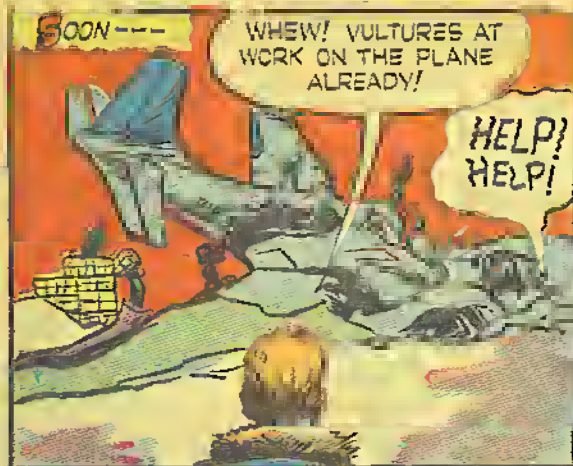


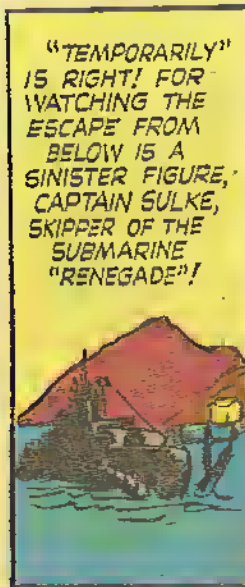
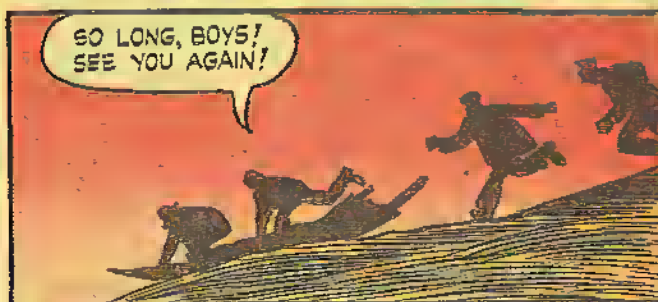
WOW! LOOKS LIKE A GLACIER LOOMING UP AHEAD! IT'S TOO CLOSE TO AVOID. IT! WE'VE GOT TO HIT THE SILK, BUT FAST!



RICK LANDS SAFELY ON THE GLACIER.

FORT LANDED FURTHER UP, WHERE THE PLANE CRASHED. HOPE HE'S OKAY!





QUICK! SPREAD FISH NETS
IN THEIR PATH!



Thus THE DANGEROUS SLIDE DOWN THE GLACIER ENDS ONLY
IN CAPTURE!

BY GEORGE!
WHAT'S ALL THIS?



CAPTAIN SULKE?!
AREN'T YOU THE
SUB COMMANDER
WHO WAS COURT-
MARTIALED FOR
TREACHERY?

WHAT'LL WE DO
WITH THEM, CAPTAIN
SULKE?



CORRECT! I ESCAPED FROM PRISON!
THE SUB WAS BEING SOLD FOR SCRAP!
I BOUGHT IT AND OUTFITTED IT FOR
PIRACY!



PIRACY!
ARE YOU
MAD?

NOT AT ALL. MY
NEW BRAND OF
PIRACY IS BOTH
SAFE AND
PROFITABLE, AS
YOU SHALL LEARN--
BEFORE YOU DIE!



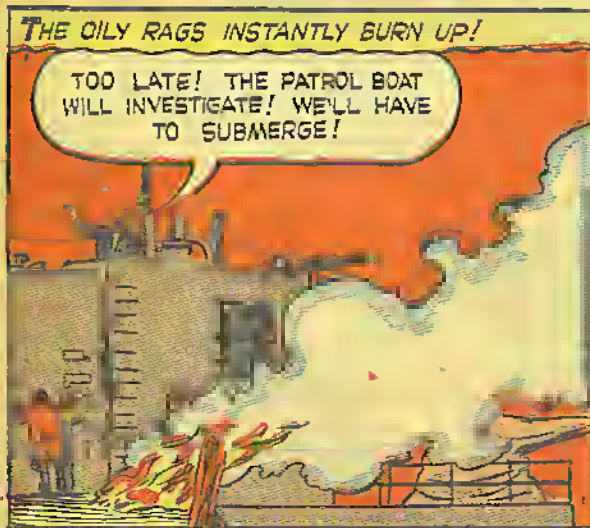
CAPTAIN, THAT
COAST GUARD BOAT
IS CIRCLING
THE ISLAND AGAIN!

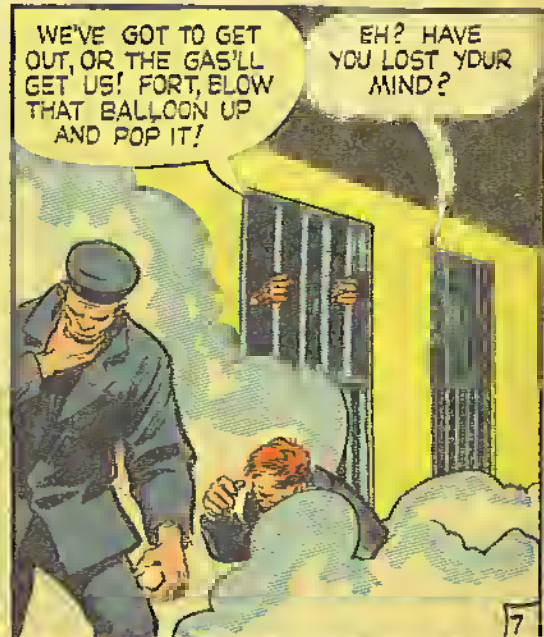
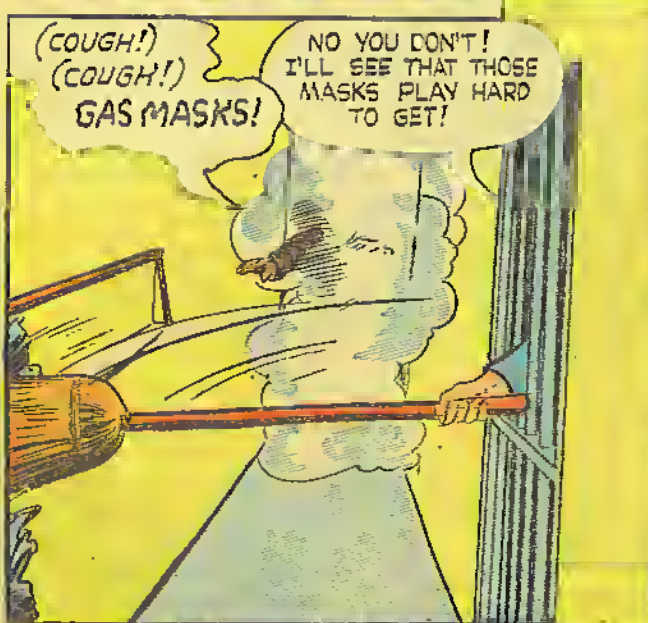
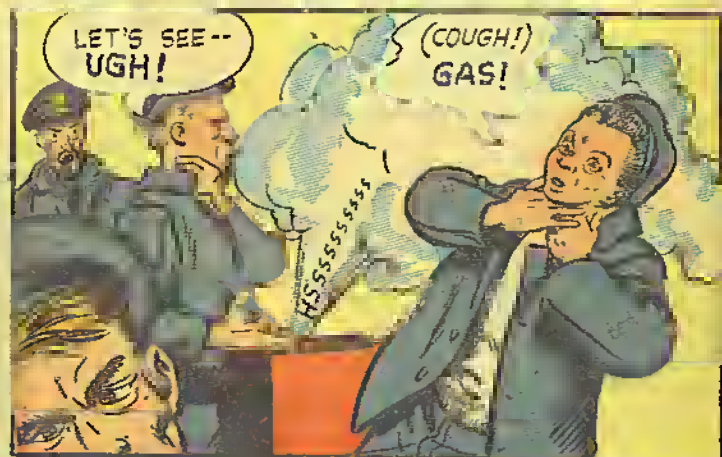
DON'T WORRY,
THEY CAN'T SEE
US IN THIS
HARBOR. BRING
THOSE TWO
ABOARD!

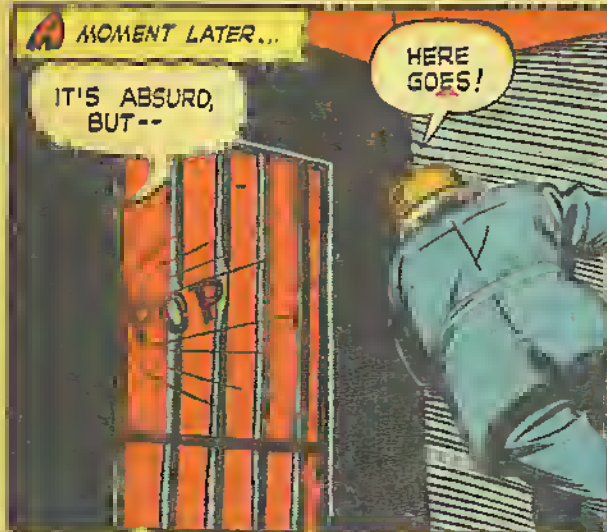
HMM -- IF I COULD
LIGHT THAT HEAP OF
OILY RAGS, THE SMOKE
WOULD ATTRACT
THE COAST GUARD!



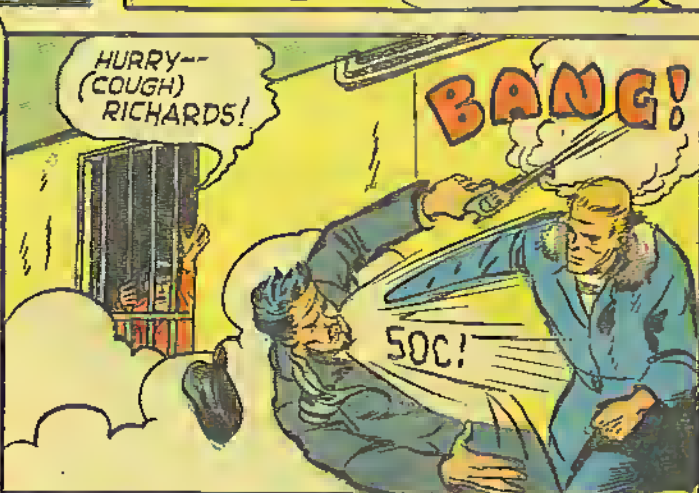
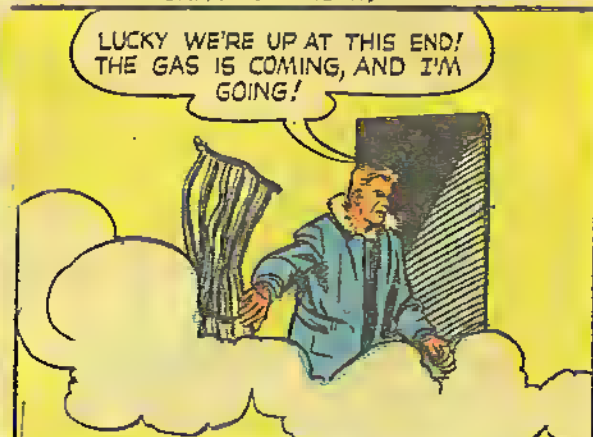
A No. 9. A glacier is a huge body of ice moving slowly down a mountain or valley.







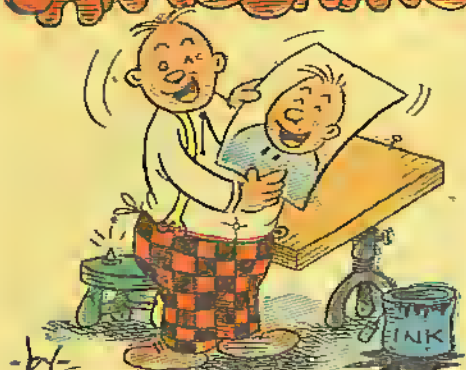
RICK'S STRANGE ADRENAL GLANDS REACT TO SHARP NOISES BY FLOODING HIM WITH GREAT STRENGTH!



RICK TURNS OVER HIS PRISONERS!



EASY CARTOONING



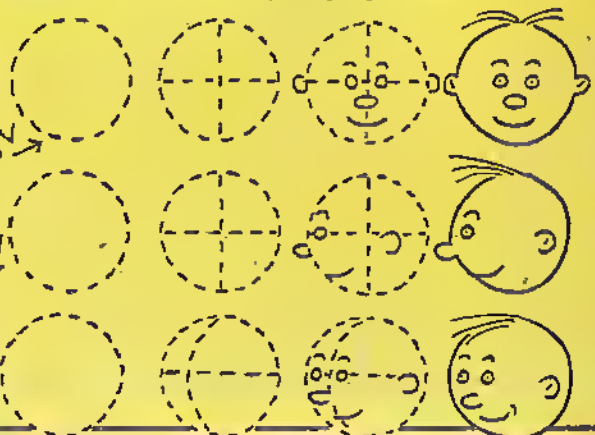
by MICK HAMMER

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE JOINED OUR CARTOONING CLASSES FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY, HERE'S WHAT WE HAVE HAD IN THE PAST TWO LESSONS...

HOW TO DRAW A FRONT VIEW OF A CARTOON HEAD

A SIDE VIEW

3/4 VIEW



AN EASY WAY TO DRAW THE HEAD LOOKING UP...



ALWAYS DRAW YOUR GUIDE LINES FIRST IN LIGHT PENCIL...

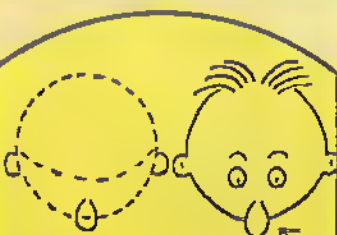
LOOKING UP AT AN AIRPLANE...



SEE HOW EASY IT IS WHEN WE USE OUR FREE HAND CIRCLE FIRST...



LOOKING DOWN-FINDING A DOLLAR...



NOTICE WHERE WE PLACE THE NOSE



BEFORE GOING TO OUR NEXT LESSON- HERE'S A LITTLE CARTOON TEST THAT I WOULD LIKE YOU TO TRY. THEN, AFTER COMPLETING IT, SEND IT TO ME IN CARE OF THIS MAGAZINE, ALONG WITH A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE, AND I WILL LOOK YOUR EFFORTS OVER AND SEND THEM BACK TO YOU WITH CORRECTIONS, IF NEEDED....

- 1-DRAW 5 FREE HAND CIRCLES.
- 2-DRAW 4 FRONT VIEW HEADS.
- 3-DRAW 2 SIDE VIEWS OF THE HEAD.
- 4-DRAW 3 3/4 VIEW HEADS.

MAKE ALL OF THE DRAWINGS IN PENCIL ON WHITE PAPER-- NO INK !!

A PREVIEW OF OUR NEXT LESSON--



ALL ABOUT EXPRESSIONS NEXT TIME..

3 GOOD LUCK!

Sergeant Spook



"THE KNIGHT OF TERROR"

THE SARGE--A LATE POLICEMAN WHO NEVER LOST HIS SPIRIT! CROOKS CAN'T SEE HIM, BUT THEY CAN FEEL HIS WALL OF...

GOTTA SAVE JERRY. WILL I BE IN TIME?

I'LL KILL YOU!

JERRY, THE ONLY HUMAN BEING WHO CAN SEE SERGEANT SPOOK. WOTTA CRIME-FIGHTING TEAM!

EVEN THE GHOSTLY AND INVISIBLE POWERS OF SERGEANT SPOOK ARE STRAINED TO THE UTMOST WHEN JERRY COMES FACE TO FACE WITH THE KNIGHT OF TERROR!

DRAWN BY

HARRY ZEE HOFFMAN

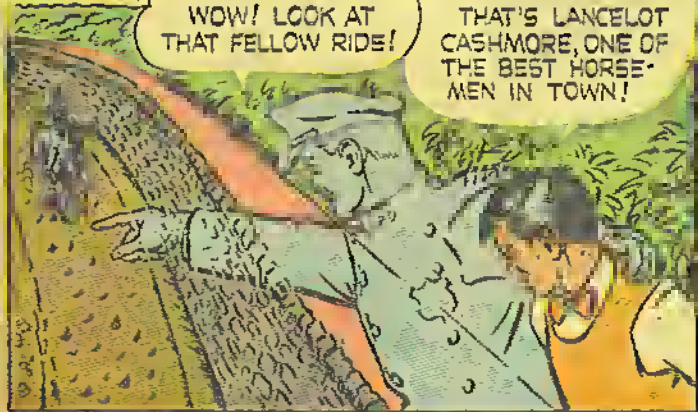
JERRY AND SERGEANT SPOOK REST A MOMENT IN THE PARK.

WOW! LOOK AT THAT FELLOW RIDE!

THAT'S LANCELOT CASHMORE, ONE OF THE BEST HORSE-MEN IN TOWN!

BEHIND A BUSH NEAR-BY.

WHEN THE HORSE FALLS, MY GOODY-GOODY BROTHER WILL BE THROWN AGAINST THAT STONE WALL, AND IT WILL SEEM LIKE AN ACCIDENT!

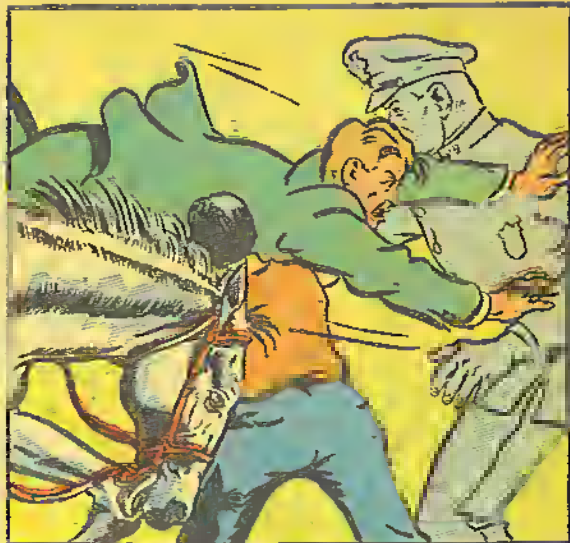
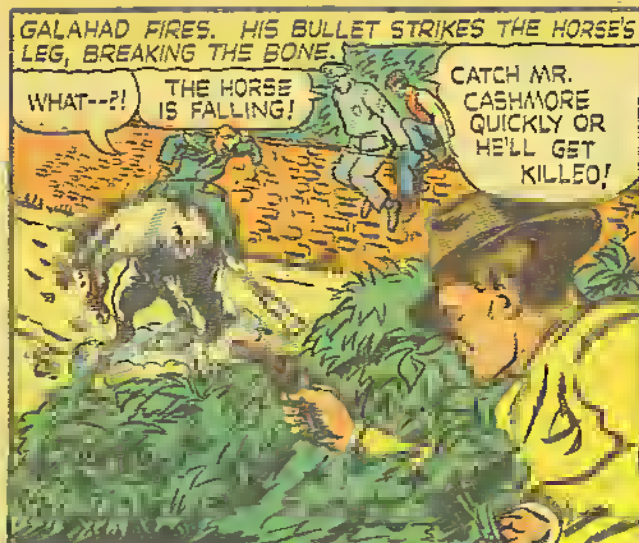


GALAHAD FIRES. HIS BULLET STRIKES THE HORSE'S LEG, BREAKING THE BONE.

WHAT--?!

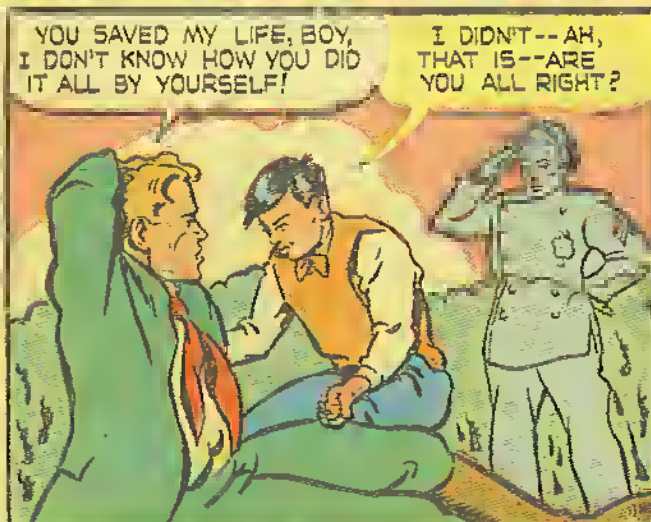
THE HORSE IS FALLING!

CATCH MR. CASHMORE QUICKLY OR HE'LL GET KILLED!



YOU SAVED MY LIFE, BOY, I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU DID IT ALL BY YOURSELF!

I DIDN'T--AH, THAT IS--ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



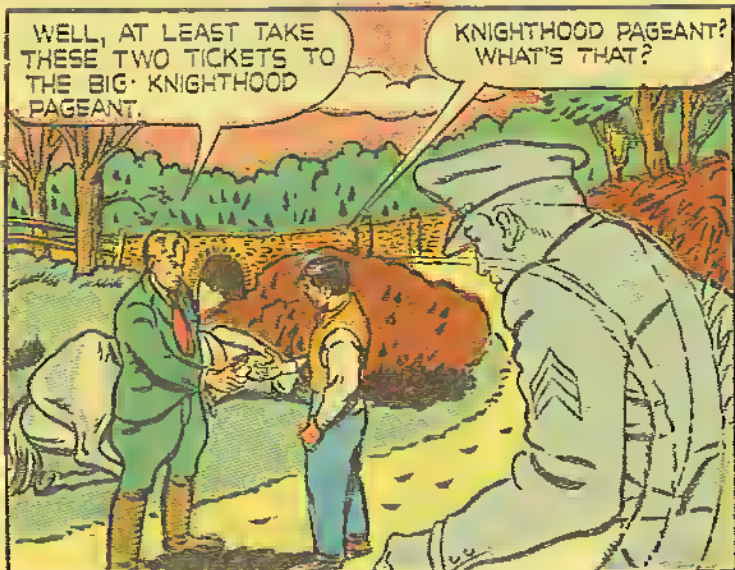
YES, I'M O.K. BUT MY POOR HORSE MUST'VE BROKEN A LEG! I MUST REWARD YOU FOR SAVING ME!

AW, I COULDN'T TAKE A REWARD.



WELL, AT LEAST TAKE THESE TWO TICKETS TO THE BIG KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT.

KNIGHTHOOD PAGEANT? WHAT'S THAT?



EVERY YEAR MY FATHER, A STUDENT OF CHIVALRY, PUTS ON A BIG JOUSTING TOURNAMENT JUST LIKE IN THE MIDDLE AGES, WITH KNIGHTS AND EVERYTHING. YOU'LL LIKE IT!





HMM-- IF I CAN SPEAR MY BROTHER AND KILL HIM, IT'D LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT-- THEN I'D INHERIT ALL THE OLD MAN'S DOUGH. HE CAN'T LIVE FOREVER!

WHAT A RAT!

SPOOK REPORTS TO JERRY--

SO I THINK WE'D BETTER VISIT KING ARTHUR IN GHOST TOWN.

SWELL IDEA, SPOOK!

SNAP

SPOOK'S AMAZING POWERS TRANSPORT HIM AND JERRY TO GHOST TOWN.

...AND SO, KING ARTHUR, SOME TIPS ON JOUSTING MIGHT PREVENT A MURDER!

MY NAME-SAKE SHALL NOT DIE!

I'LL GLADLY INSTRUCT THE LAD, SERGEANT!

OH! TO THINK THAT MY NAME-SAKE IS SUCH A VARLET!

SOON--

HERE I COME, SIR!

HAVE AT ME, LAD. I'LL SHOW YE HOW TO PARRY A THRUST!

BEHOLD, LAD, I HAVE DISARMED YE!

WOW!

AFTER THE LESSON--

REMEMBER, JERRY, GRIP THY SPEAR THUS.

KEEP THY SHIELD UP!

THANKS FOR COACHING JERRY. WE'VE GOT TO HURRY BACK NOW!

THE NIGHT OF THE PAGEANT-- YES, HE'LL BE O.K. IF HE KNOWS HOW TO PROTECT HIMSELF!
 NOW TO FIND LANCELOT CASHMORE, SO YOU CAN PASS ALONG KING ARTHUR'S TIPS ON JOUSTING!



CIVIC STADIUM
 TODAY KNIGHTHOOD PA
 AUSPICES OF H.T. CASHMORE

HERE ARE THE TICKETS FOR ME AND MY FRIEND.

YOU AND YOUR FRIEND? I DON'T SEE ANYBODY. AM I NUTS?



LANCELOT MUST BE IN HERE, SPOOK.

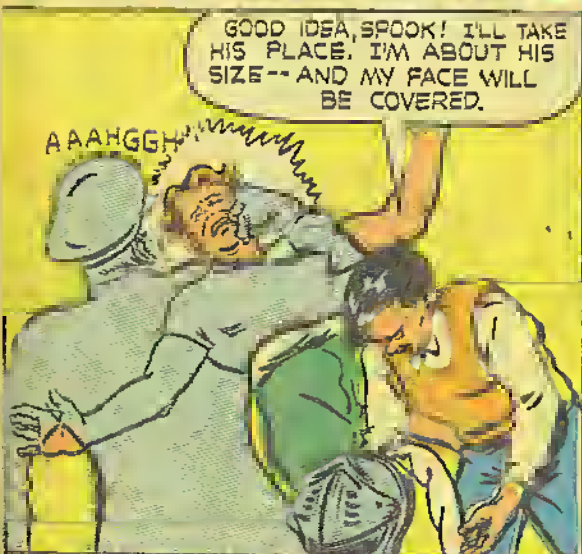
LOCKER ROOMS

JERRY TRIES IN VAIN TO CONVINCE LANCELOT CASHMORE THAT HIS LIFE IS IN DANGER.

BUT--MR. CASHMORE--

MY OWN BROTHER TRY TO MURDER ME? NONSENSE! I WON'T LISTEN TO SUCH POPPYCOCK!

GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS, JERRY.



GOOD IDEA, SPOOK! I'LL TAKE HIS PLACE. I'M ABOUT HIS SIZE--AND MY FACE WILL BE COVERED.

AAAHGGH

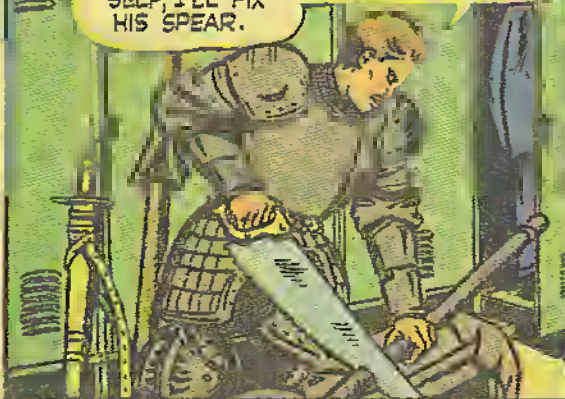
LANCELOT'S O.K. I JUST GAVE HIM A LOCAL ANESTHETIC.

FINE! NOW TO HELP ME GET INTO THIS TIN TUXEDO.



MEANWHILE, IN THE ADJOINING DRESSING ROOM—

JUST TO MAKE SURE MY DEAR BROTHER CAN'T DEFEND HIMSELF, I'LL FIX HIS SPEAR.



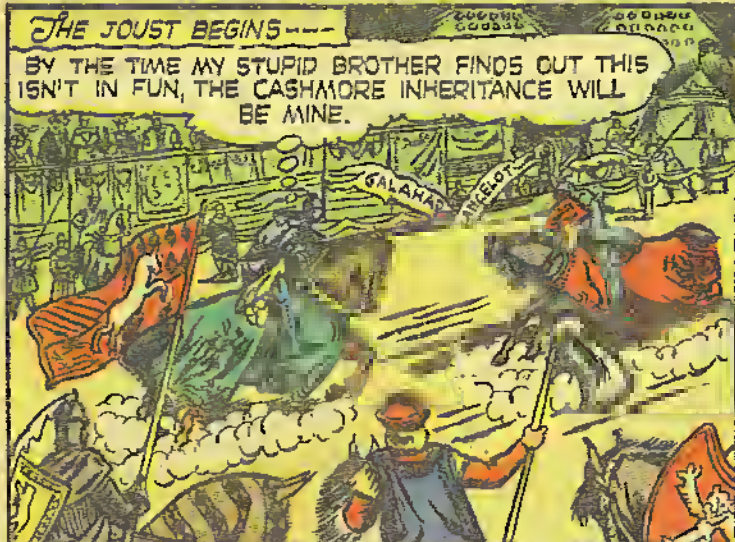
YOU SURE LOOK LIKE A KNIGHT, JERRY. IS THAT A REAL COAT OF MAIL?

NO, JUST A SHINY IMITATION. A SPEAR COULD GO RIGHT THROUGH IT.



THE JOUST BEGINS—

BY THE TIME MY STUPID BROTHER FINDS OUT THIS ISN'T IN FUN, THE CASHMIRE INHERITANCE WILL BE MINE.



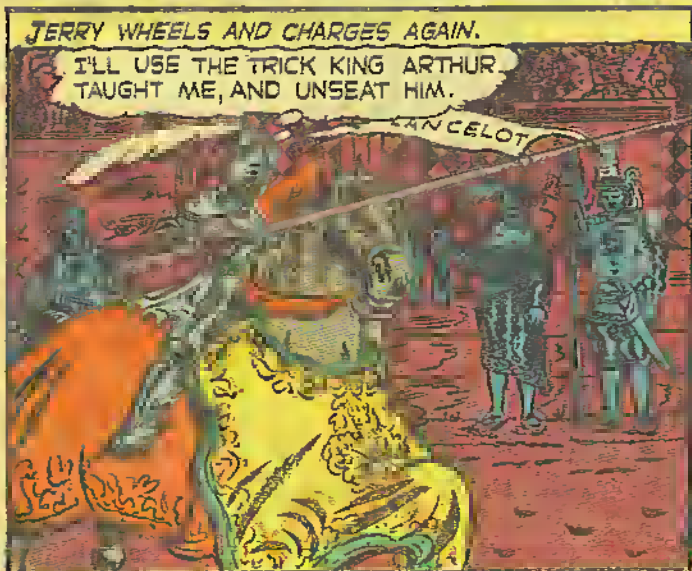
THE LESSONS FROM KING ARTHUR, GREATEST KING OF ALL, HELP JERRY IN HIS BATTLE.

CURSES! HE PARRIED MY THRUST!



JERRY WHEELS AND CHARGES AGAIN.

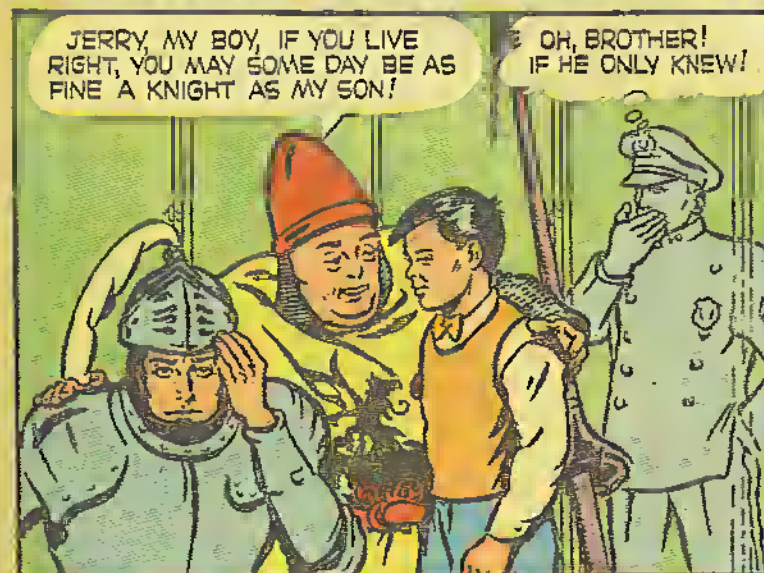
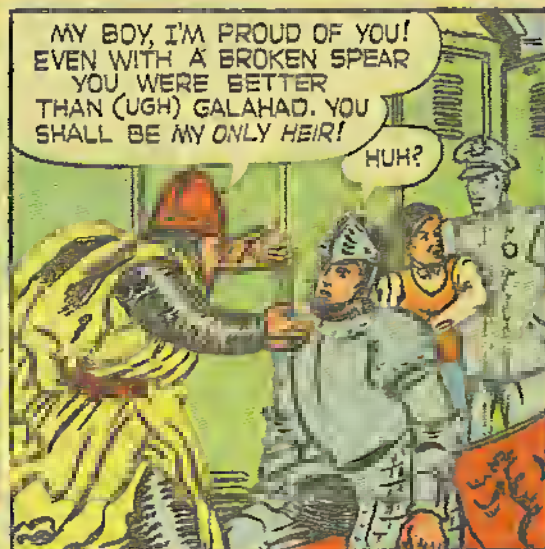
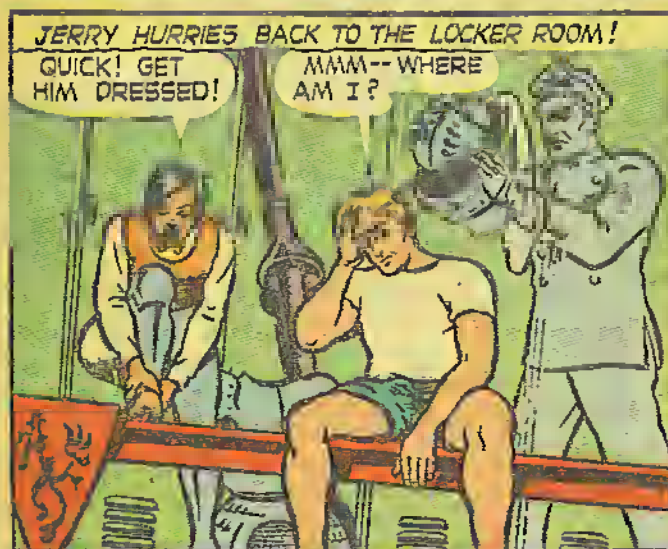
I'LL USE THE TRICK KING ARTHUR TAUGHT ME, AND UNSEAT HIM.



HA! NOW YOU DIE, BROTHER.

MY SPEAR IS BROKEN. HE'LL GET ME NOW.





BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

HOW
DID THE DARING
PILOT FOR *GLIMPSES*,
THE PICTURE MAGAZINE,
GET THE NAME OF
BLUE BOLT?

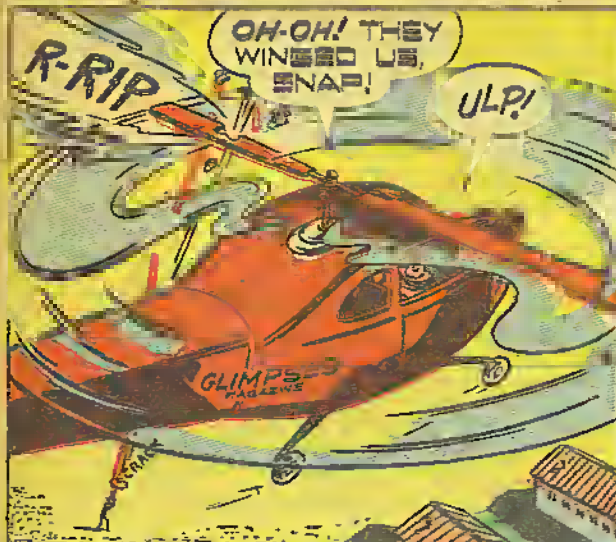
WELL,
THAT STORY
BEGINNETH
WITH

A
BANG!

WITH PHOTOGRAPHER SNAP
DOODLE, BLUE BOLT COVERS
A SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

THE REBELS ARE
HOLED UP IN THIS FORT.
SNAP, I'LL SUZZ IT SO
YOU CAN GET FIX!

HEY!
THEY'RE
FIRING
AT US!



OH-OH! THEY
WINDED US,
SNAP!

ULP!



HOLD TIGHT! WE'RE
GOING TO DROP IN ON
THE SHOOTING PARTY! IT'S
THE ONLY PLACE TO LAND!



CLUCK!
BUT NOT
BUT NOT!

WHUMP



FLYING OVER THIS
AREA IS FORBIDDEN,
SENSORS, AND THE
PENALTY IS...
DEATH!

GOSH!



FAMILY
STUFF,
ISN'T
IT?

WE ARE ABOUT TO
STRIKE A BLOW THAT
WILL PARALYZE THE
NATION AND PUT US IN
POWER! NOTHING MUST
ENDANGER OUR
SUCCESS.



PUT THEM WITH
THE OTHER
PRISONERS!

YIPES!
ARE MY EYES
PLAYING TRICKS?

GLIMPSE
MAGAZINE

STAY IN THESE
AREA, PRISONERS!

BLUE
BOLT!

FLASSINI!



AH! MY OLD PARTNER!
UNDER WHAT SAD
CIRCUMSTANCES
WE MEET!

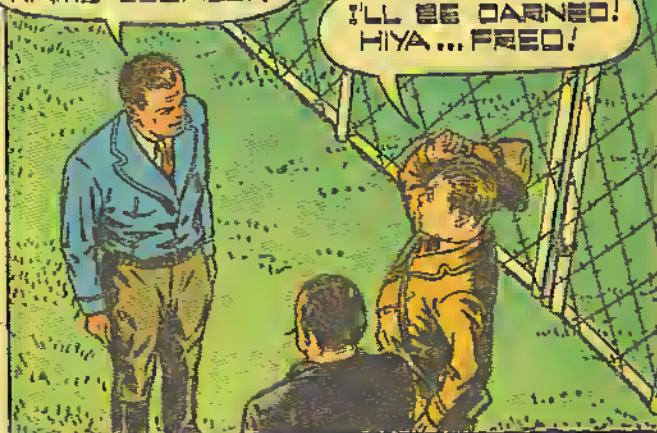
PARTNER?
WHAT'S THE
PITCH?



WHEN I WAS IN MY TEEN, I
JOINED FLASSINI IN A CIRCUS
ACT AND EVEN TOURED THIS
COUNTRY. WE WERE BOTH SHOT
OUT OF A CANNON! HE NIPPED
OUT OF THE RED BARREL AND
WAS KNOWN AS THE RED
FLASH!

I CAME OUT OF THE BLUE BARREL.
THAT'S WHY I HAD MY NAME CHANGED
FROM RED BOLT TO BLUE BOLT!
ACTUALLY, I CAN USE EITHER
NAME LEGALLY!

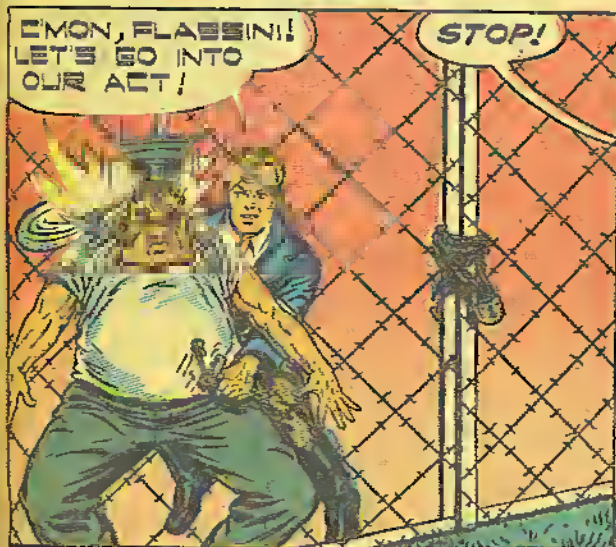
I'LL BE DAMNED!
HIYA... RED!



THOSE WERE THE HAPPY
DAYS...BUT THIS IS THE GRIM
ENDING! AT DAWN THOSE MUR-
DEROUS REELS WILL KILL
US ALL!

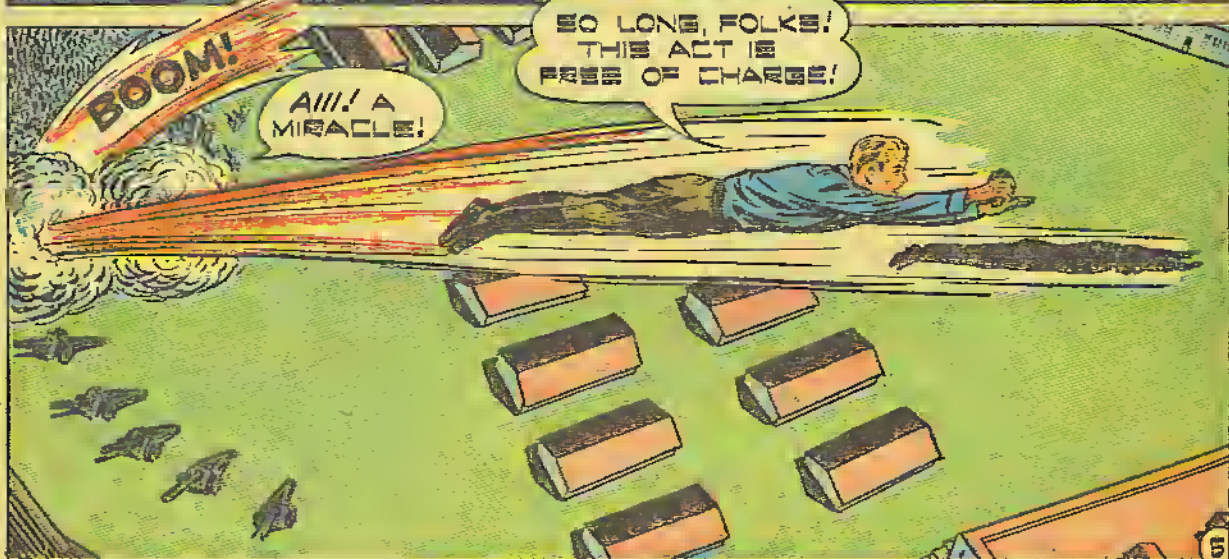
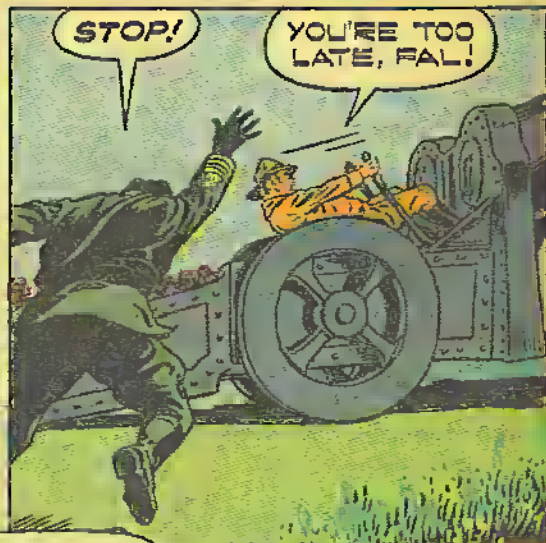
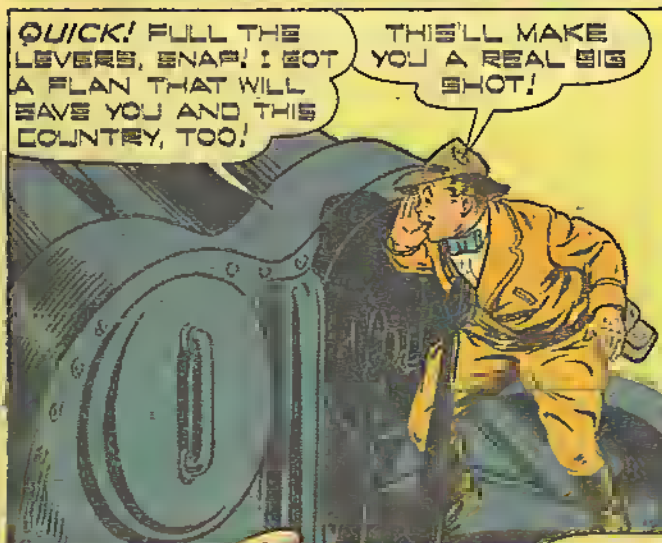
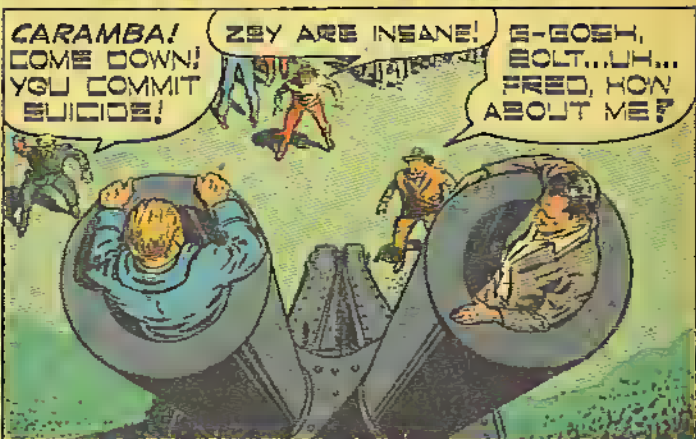
BUT FIRST THEY COMMIT
AN EVEN WORSE CRIME!
THIS FORT OVERLOOKS MY
COUNTRY'S CAPITAL. THE
REELS MEAN TO BLAST
THAT GREAT CITY TO BITS,
KILLING THOUSANDS OF
INNOCENT PEOPLE!

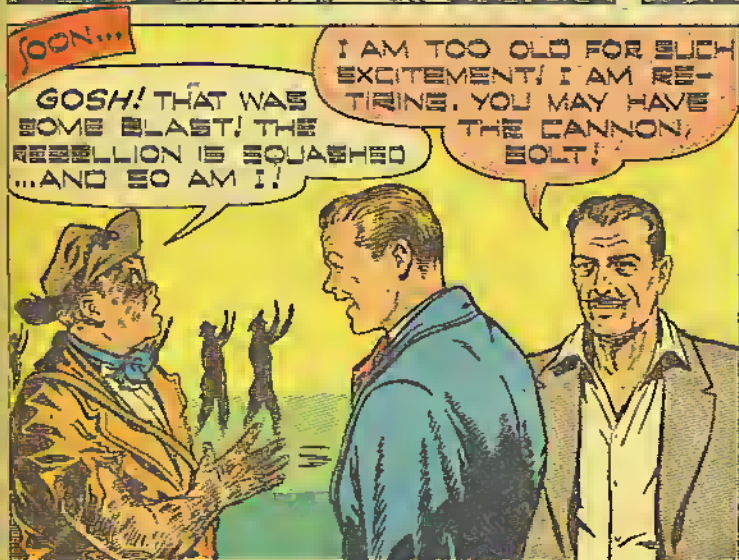
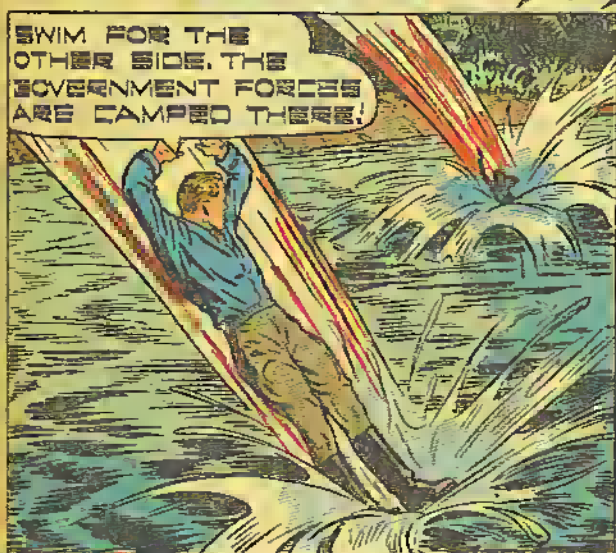
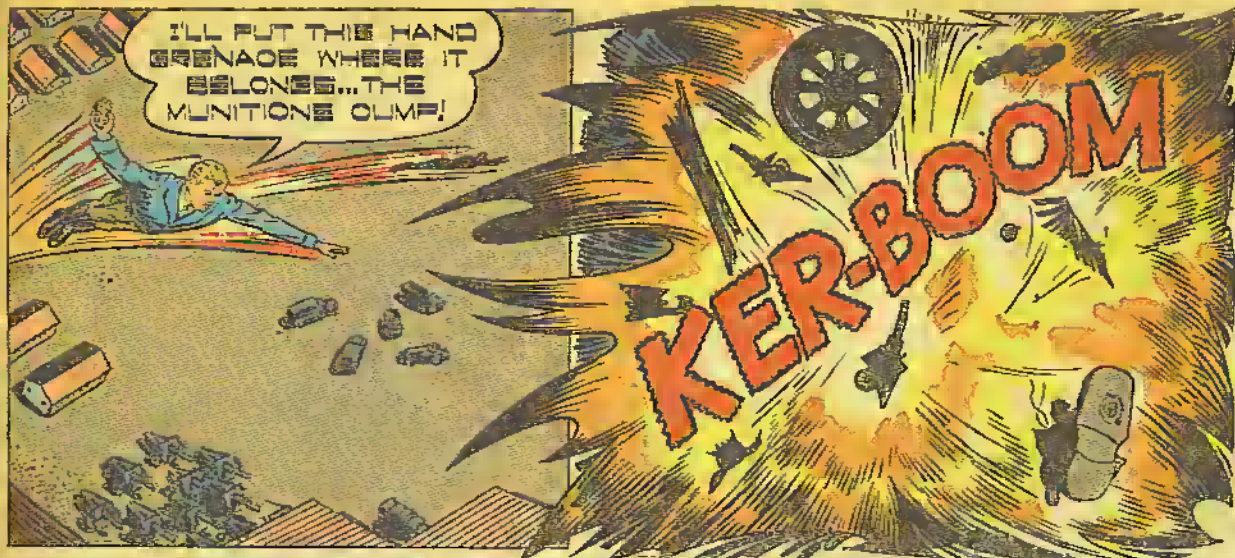






TAKING THE MANNABLE BY THE REINS, MOLT AND PLANNING BACKUP AT THE GAZON AND DRIVING INTO THE MANNABLE.





"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



FOILING THE LUNATIC'S REVENGE

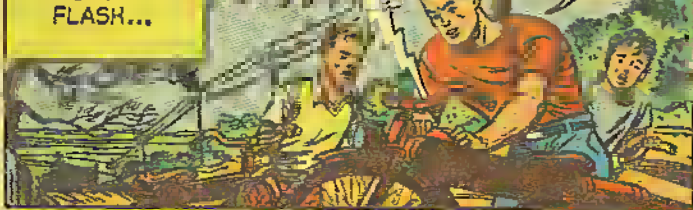


DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE BOYS OF THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB PICK UP A POLICE RADIO FLASH...

...DANGEROUS LUNATIC ESCAPED FROM STATE ASYLUM... SEEKING REVENGE ON DOCTOR WHO HAD HIM COMMITTED...

STATE ASYLUM?? WHY, THAT'S JUST A MILE OR SO AWAY!

CRAZY, AM I? HEH-HEH... AFTER I GET MY HANDS ON THIS HORSE-AND-WAGON, I'LL SHOW THE GOOD DOCTOR HOW CRAZY I AM!



THE INSANE MAN LEAPS ONTO THE BACK OF THE PASSING WAGON, AND...

NICE OF YOU TO "LEND" ME YOUR CHARIOT! HEH-HEH...

THERE'S OUR MADMAN, BOYS! BIKE OVER TO THE ASYLUM FOR HELP... I'M TAKING OFF AFTER HIM!



U.S. ROYAL CATCHES UP WITH THE MURDER-BENT MANIAC, AND RACING NECK-TO-NECK WITH THE FRIGHTENED HORSE...

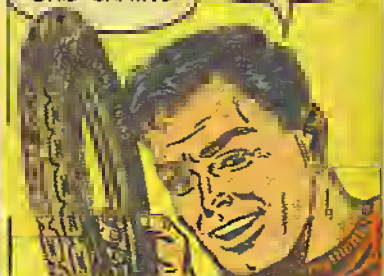
SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR BUGGY-RIDE, MY BUGGY FRIEND!

LATER, AT THE ASYLUM...

NO TELLING WHAT THAT FELLOW MIGHT HAVE DONE IF YOU BOYS HADN'T STOPPED HIM...

GLAD WE WERE AROUND, DOCTOR... AND LUCKY WE WERE RIDIN' ON U.S. ROYALS!

WHEN THE SITUATION CALLS FOR FAST BIKING, YOU CAN REALLY SPEED WITH SAFETY WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES--WITH THEIR BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"... SAYS U.S. ROYAL

IF YOU WANT TO GET THE MOST WEAR OUT OF A TIRE, GET THE TIRE WITH THE MOST WEAR BUILT INTO IT... GET U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science

BLUEBOLTS & NUTS

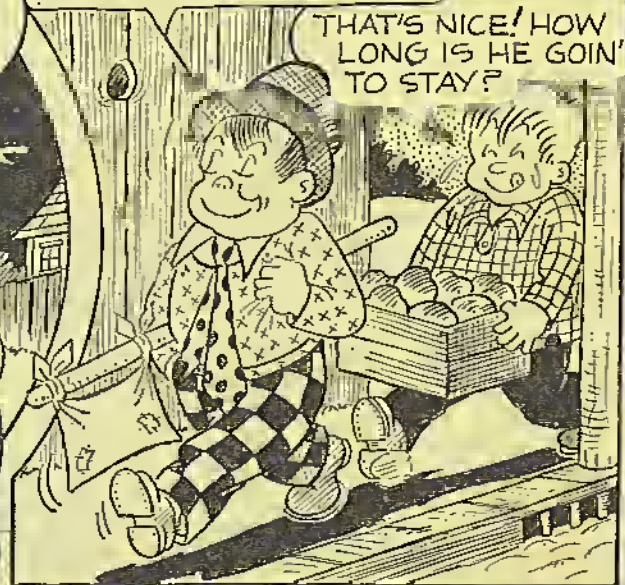
REMEMBER-THE
EARLY BIRD
ALWAYS GETS
THE WORM!!

POOF!

WELL, HE'S
WELCOME TO
IT!!!

MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT
GRANDPA CAME OVER
ON THE MAYFLOWER!!

THAT'S NICE! HOW
LONG IS HE GOIN'
TO STAY?



HERE'S A GUY WHO
LOCKED HIS FATHER
IN AN ICEBOX!!

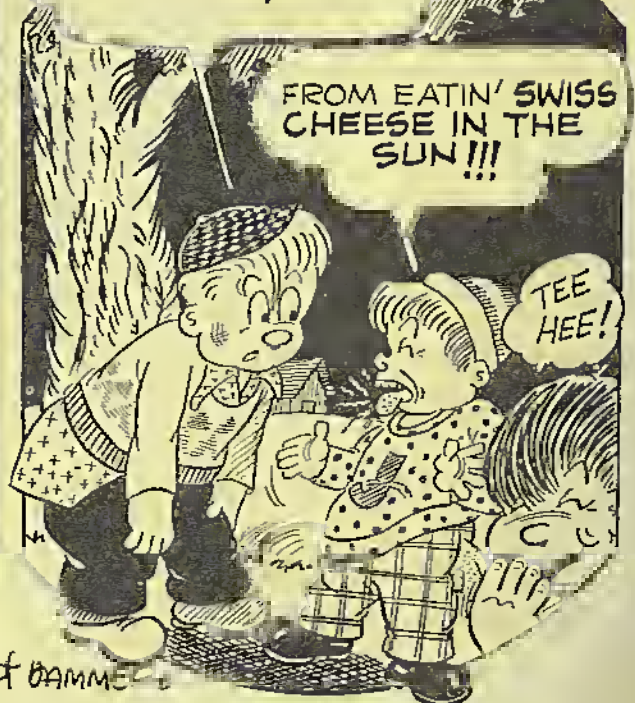
TCH!
TCH!

WHAT DID HE
WANT-COLD
POP?

GEE-HOW DID YOU EVER
GET FRECKLES ON YOUR
TONGUE, HUH?

FROM EATIN' SWISS
CHEESE IN THE
SUN!!!

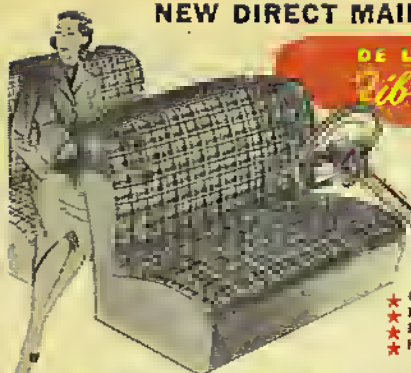
TEE
HEE!



MILT BAMME

NEW DIRECT MAIL PLAN SAVES YOU BIG MONEY!

DE LUXE QUALITY SCOTCH PLAID Fibre AUTO SEAT COVERS



*Slips on
in a Jiffy!
Fits
most Cars!*

Check These QUALITY Features:

- * Colorful, Water Repellent Scotch Plaid Fibre
- * Rich leatherette inserts at points of greatest strain
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- * Recently quipped seams for extra long wear

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4-door sedan
with 1-pc. seats
and backs.



STYLE SB
2-door sedan
with split back.
1-pc. seat.



STYLE SC
2-door sedan
with separate
seats.



STYLE CA
Coupe with
1-pc. back.



STYLE CC
Coupe with
2-pc. back.

HOW TO ORDER SEAT COVERS

Referring to your license card,
list the make, year,
and model of your car.
Also give model number, body type.
Also state seat style of your car
as shown in illustrations at left.
Put all information in coupon below
and MAIL TODAY!

*Ask the Man
Who Owns One!
Over 50,000
Satisfied Users!*

SPECIAL FOR CAR OWNERS WHO APPRECIATE THE REALLY GOOD THINGS IN LIFE!



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An out-of-this-world bargain in
Super-Fit, Easy-To-Install

Custom Quality Seat Covers

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Free! Seats
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**SOLD ONLY BY MAIL
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SEND NO MONEY

Pay postman price of covers or
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Check ☐ I am enclosing \$ _____ Slip prepaid.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

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OPERATION

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Per Hour to Operate!

* Powerful
VACUUM TUBE
RECEPTION



Included

AT NO EXTRA COST

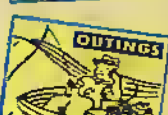
22 1/2 VOLT "B" BATTERY

approximately 100 hours of playing life

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Yes, it's here at last... Radio's mighty postwar
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\$6.95 is a postwar dream come true. Yes,
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Modernair battery radio complete with per-
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two batteries for only \$6.95. However, our pres-
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FACTORY GUARANTEED: Each radio checked
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